

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

10¢

COMICS

SEPT.
NO. 2

ARMY
SECTION

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
BOOK 2

Every man knows that high
liberty is guaranteed there
and there is a man to depend
on the future of the world.
The future of the world is
in the hands of a man.



BLACKHAWK

2
BOOKS
in ONE

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
BOOK 2

NAVY
SECTION

YANKEE
EAGLE



Every man knows that high
liberty is guaranteed there
and there is a man to depend
on the future of the world.
The future of the world is
in the hands of a man.



A NEW SMASH
BLACKHAWK
STORY
THE COWARD DIES TWICE

MISS
AMERICA

DEATH
PATROL

SHOT
and
SHELL

AND
MANY
OTHERS



ATTENTION!

NEW!! THE FIRST
TIME IN ANY
COMIC MAGAZINE!

**SECRET
WAR NEWS**



WEB COMIC
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BOYS! GIRLS!

SO EASY TO GET EXCITING THINGS

FREE

WITH GUARANTEE SEALS FROM
THE NEW QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
AND RICE "SPARKIES"

Yes, you can get any, or all, of these wonderful things by just sending GUARANTEE SEALS, from the package tops of new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice "Sparkies," to: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box 1, Dept. 52, Chicago, Illinois. Be sure to put enough postage on your envelope. Tear out the coupon now and send your GUARANTEE SEALS today!

LOOK!

Magic-Secret DETECTO-KIT

Make Secret Messages in Invisible Writing! Detect Fingerprints! Make Real Pictures from Old Snapshot Negatives! Learn Many Detecting Secrets!

THE COMPLETE DETECTO KIT consists of Secret Formula S-10, enough to print 144 photos from old negatives of your family, friends and pets. Secret Detecting Instruction Book. Stylus for Secret Writing. Package of Hypo-Fixative. Special printing glass. Set of 4 printing frames (3 different shapes and 1 plain, so you can cut it to suit yourself). Blotting pad. (Be careful not to spill formula S-10 on the rug or it will stain.)

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

FLASHLIGHT

Only 3 in. long, yet casts bright beam a long way. Use it for hiking, night signalling, etc. Colored metal, with silver and black bands, white head.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

MYSTERIOUS MAGNIFYING RING

Heavy gold-color metal with insignia on sides. On the top, a picture of Orphan Annie sparkles brightly! And here's the secret! That framed glass is a magnifying glass! It swings away from the top and you use it to examine secret messages, read small printing, etc. Ring fits you automatically.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 10c or 5 Guarantee Seals Alone

GENUINE UNIVEX SNAPSHOT CAMERA

Takes snap pictures of your family, friends, pets, etc., on size 60 Ultrachrome film you get from the drugstore. Takes long shots or close-ups either horizontal or vertical. Easy to use. Just the thing to use in taking pictures of parties, races, down on the beach, etc. Boys and girls will use it for making picture-records of friends, etc.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 25c or 12 Guarantee Seals Alone

3-POWER Leatherette FOCUSING TELESCOPE

Not a toy—but a genuine focusing pocket-size collapsible telescope, with ground and polished lenses! Gives 3-power magnification—brings faraway objects closer to you. Barrel covered with rich grain leatherette.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 20c or 10 Guarantee Seals Alone



Fits in Your Pocket!

"Sparkies" Give Vitamin Bonus to Boys and Girls

A new wonder process, "Vitamin Rain," actually showers vitamins B, D and G on new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice "Sparkies"! With the additional vitamins in your glass of milk and fruit, you thus get almost half your minimum daily needs of vitamins A, B, C, D and G! The vitamins fellows and girls must have to be strong, fast and peppy! So ask your Mother to get "Sparkies" today.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box 1, Dept. 52, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Annie: Please send me the things checked below, for which I enclose..... Guarantee Seals from the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice, or..... Seals and..... in coin.

- ☐ Detecto-kit, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
☐ Magnifying Ring, 5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
☐ Univex Camera, 12 Seals (or 2 Seals and 25c)
☐ Flashlight, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
☐ Telescope, 10 Seals (or 2 Seals and 20c)

Name.....

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

**ARMY
SECTION****STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
BOOK 1★**

HITLER MERELY CONQUERS LAND...
THE NAZIS WILL NEVER WIN AS LONG
AS MEN LIKE WHO ONCE KNEW
FREEDOM... YES HITLER CAN
NEVER WIN AS LONG AS
THERE ARE **BLACKHAWKS!!**

HISTORY HAS PROVEN THAT WHEN-
EVER LIBERTY IS SMOTHERED THERE
ALWAYS RISES A MAN TO DEFEND
THE ENSLAVED AND
CRUSH THE
TYRANT...
SUCH A MAN
IS **BLACK-
HAWK!!**



BLACKHAWK

Charles Gaines

THROUGH THE FOG BANKS
WEST OF ENGLAND, WINGS
A SQUADRON OF SWIFT
PLANES... AND ABOVE THE
ROAR OF THE ENGINES
CAN BE HEARD THE SONGS
OF THE BLACKHAWKS!

OVER LAND OVER SEA,
WE FIGHT TO MAKE MEN FREE,
OF DANGER WE DON'T CARE,
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!!



IN THE COCKPIT OF THE
LEAD PLANE...

NORTH BY
EAST...
DOG FIGHT
OVER CHANNEL!!



MEANWHILE, OVER THE CHALK
CLIFFS, A SMALL ENGLISH
PATROL IS MASSACRED BY
AN OVERWHELMING FORCE
OF NAZIS...



THE BLACKHAWKS SWOOP
TO THE RESCUE...

NO. 3 CALLING WE'LL
BLACKHAWK... CATCH
ENGLISH PLANE HIM
DESERTING LATER!
UNDER FIRE!! LET'S
GO!!



THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED
PLANES ROCKET INTO
THE FRAY...

AH! IT IS BLACKHAWK!!
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!!



THE NAZIS ARE NO MATCH
FOR THE CRACK FLYING
OF THE BLACKHAWKS...



THE BLACKHAWKS MAKE
SHORT WORK OF THE
TERRIFIED NAZIS AND
STREAK OFF IN PURSUIT
OF THE DESERTING
SPITFIRE...



PILOT IN
SPITFIRE
FOLLOW
US OR
WE'LL
SHOOT
YOU
DOWN!!



AN HOUR AFTER HOUR THEY HURTLE WESTWARD
THROUGH THE PONDEROUS CLOUD GALLEONS,
UNTIL AT LAST THEY FLASH EARTHWARD TO
WARDS A TINY ISLAND, FLUSHED WITH THE
DYING GLOW OF DAYLIGHT...



AS THE ENGLISH PILOT CLIMBS FROM HIS PLANE, HE IS GREETED WITH A STONY SILENCE...

BLACKHAWKS DO NOT TALK TO COWARDS!!

PASY KID...

WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE?? ANSWER ME!! WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE SPEAK TO ME!!

...BLACKHAWKS/ SO THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! WHY YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AIR PIRATES AND ASSASSINS!!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY... I MUST HAVE LOST MY HEAD... BUT YOU FELLOWS HAVE A RATHER BAD REPUTATION ON THE CONTINENT... NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW JUST WHAT YOUR AIMS ARE...

WELL, YOU SEE... THE BLACKHAWKS ARE THE LAST OF THE FREE MEN OF THE CONQUERED COUNTRIES... WE FIGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF MAN RATHER THAN FOR PROFIT OR POLITICS!!

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE PIRATES...

WE'RE NOT... COME ALONG, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE MEN... THEY MAY SEEM A LITTLE HARD BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT MEN WHO HAVE SEEN THEIR LOVED ONES MURDERED BEFORE THEIR EYES TO HAVE OR EXCUSE WEAKNESSES!!

HERE ARE SOME OF MY MEN... EACH AN EXPERT IN HIS FIELD... READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT YOU SEE... STANISLAUS, ANDRE, HENDRICK, BORIS, ZEE AND OLAF... YOU WILL MEET THE OTHERS LATER...

A HARDY CREW... EACH SAW HIS COUNTRY CRUSHED BY THE INVADER!!

BLACKHAWK! A MESSAGE ON THE TELETYPE!!

THE BLACKHAWKS
INTERCEPT A MESSAGE
FROM THE NAZI G.H.Q.

GET...RADIUM...FOR...
NEW...ATOMIC...BOMB...
AT...PARIS...RADIUM...
INSTITUTE...

"THEY'LL
DESTROY
THE WORLD
WITH THAT
BOMB...
CALL OUT THE
BLACKHAWKS!"



INSTANTLY THE AIRFIELD
IS A HIVE OF ACTIVITY...

EVERYONE UP!
LOAD THE
DYNAMITE
BOMBS!!



WHERE'S THE
KID? MAYBE
HE'D LIKE TO
COME?...

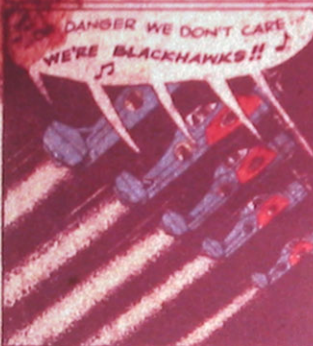
NA...A...AH
...HE'S HIDIN'
OUT BEHIND
THE HANGARS
...THE YELLOW
RAT!!



TO FRANCE...
LET'S GO
BLACKHAWKS!!



WITH AN EARTH-SHAKING BOOM
THE PLANE ROCKET INTO
THE SKY... THE FIGHTING
BOMBS OF THE BLACKHAWKS
ARE IN THE SKY ONCE MORE...



DANGER WE DON'T CARE
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!!

WHILE SOME OF THE BLACKHAWKS
ISLAND A TREMBLING BOY
BURSTS INTO TEARS...

WHY AM I SUCH
A COWARD??...
'SOB!' 'SOB!'



MEANWHILE THE BLACKHAWKS
GELS STAY AND OCCUPY
PARIS... FROM HIS COCAIN
BLACKHAWKS SEND THEIR
SECRET SIGNAL...



AT ONCE IN PERFECT
PRECISION THEY
"PEEL OFF"...



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE
SLUMBERING CITY A DROWSY
SENTRY SUDDENLY SNAPS
INTO ACTION...

DER BLACKHAWKS!
MAN DER GUNS!!



IN THE LEAD PLANE, BLACK-
HAWK LIGHTS THE FUSE TO
A STRING OF DYNAMITE
STICKS BOUND TOGETHER
LIKE FIRECRACKERS...



100 FEET FROM THE GROUND THE BLACKHAWKS ZOOM ACROSS THE FIELD AND GIANT MUSHROOMS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION SPRING UP IN THEIR WAKE...



A SHORT DISTANCE BEYOND THE SMOKING RUINS THEY COME TO REST ON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING A HIGHWAY...



LET'S GO-O-O! BLACKHAWKS! HERE COMES OUR TRANSPORTATION INTO PARIS!!



ACH! BLACKHAWK!!



TAKE CARE OF THEM, OLAF WHILE WE TURN THIS THING AROUND!!

YAH!!



OLD MAN! THEY'RE SO THEY CAN'T GIVE AN ALARM!

WELL, THERE WILL BE NO ALARM! HEH! HEH!

SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY THEY SPEED THROUGH THE GLUM STREETS OF PARIS UNTIL A BARRICADE BARS THEIR WAY...

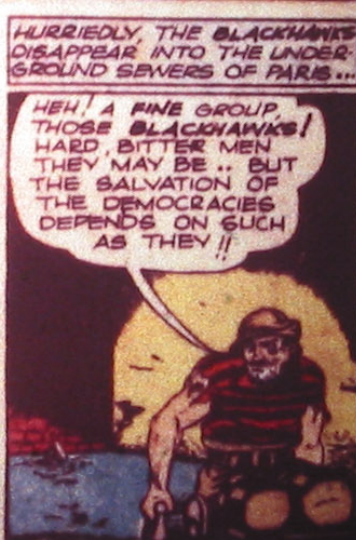
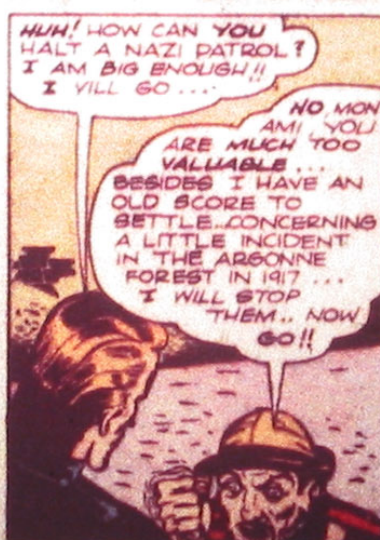


THAT DID IT!! THE WHOLE NAZI ARMY WILL BE DOWN ON US IN A MINUTE!!

BLACKHAWK! THERE EES ZE INSTITUTE! ZE RADIUM EES THERE!!

THE BLACKHAWKS DASH MADLY UP THE STEPS OF THE RADIUM INSTITUTE, AS THE NAZIS COME SNAPPING AT THEIR HEELS...

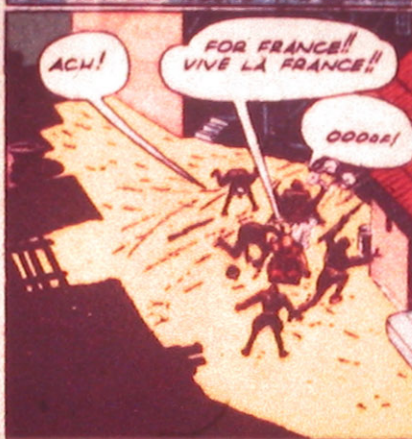




THE HEAVY TREAD OF THE APPROACHING NAZIS ROUSES HIM, AND THE LITTLE MAN HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD...



AS THE NAZIS ROUND THE CORNER...



ACH! DER BLACKHAWKS ESCAPED US!!



MEANWHILE, THE FUGITIVE BLACKHAWKS CARRY THE PRECIOUS RADIUM DEEP INTO THE MURKY TUNNELS BELOW PARIS...



BUT THEIR ESCAPE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED AND THE SEWERS SWARM WITH NAZI PATROLS...



SUDDENLY A LONE GUARD BARS THEIR WAY...



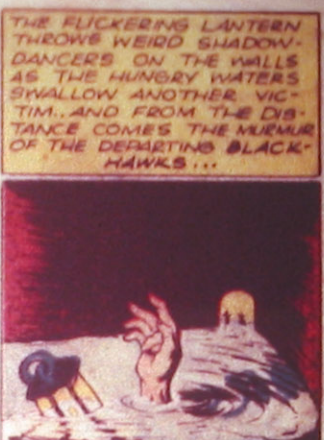
I AM SORRY WE HAD TO SOCK YOU!

DROP THAT MAN!



HEY! BLACKHAWK! WAIT FOR OLAF!!





MEANWHILE, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND, THE CONWARDLY KID SITE DISCONSOLATE AGAINST THE RADIO SLACK...
SUDDENLY...

NOLY SMOKE!!

DEY'RE SUNK!
D'HEINIES SPOT-
TED D'BOYS NEAR
PARIS!



D'HULL GOIMAN ARMY IS
FIXIN' TO PUT THE
SLUG ON 'EM UNLESS
WE GET A MAN DERB...
AN' WE AIN'T GOT
ANY!!



HEY KID! COME
BACK!! DAT CRATE
OF YOURS HAS ONLY
FOUR HOURS JUICE
IN IT!! YA'LL NEVER
MAKE IT!!

I'VE GOT TO
HELP...
SOMEHOW!



AND ON A BUMPY ROAD
LEADING FROM PARIS...

U.U.GH'VE
GET DERE
SOON, YAH?

YAH, OLAF,
THE PLANES
ARE JUST
AHEAD!!



DOC! YOU COME
WITH ME! LET'S
GOOOO...
BLACKHAWKS!



BUT BEFORE THEY CAN GET
CLEAR OF THE TREES, A
CLOSE-PACKED NAZI SQUAD-
RON PLUMMETS FROM THE
CLOUDS...



AT THAT MOMENT,
A LONE SPITFIRE
ROCKETS OVER-
HEAD...

JOVE! THEY'RE
DOOMED! TOO
LOW TO FIGHT
AND TOO HIGH
TO LAND!



INSTANTLY
THE PLANE
SCREAMS
INTO A
POWER
DIVE...



WITH THE FEROCITY OF A MAD BULL, THE
ONRUSHING SPITFIRE CHARGES HEADLONG
INTO THE DIVING NAZIS... THE CARNAGE
IS TERRIFIC AS THE IMPACT DETONATES
THE BOMBS IN THE MASHED PLANES...



THE CONFUSION CAUSED BY
WALT'S HEROIC DEATH, EN-
ABLES THE BLACKHAWKS
TO PREPARE FOR BATTLE



AS THE BLACKHAWKS
BLAST INTO THE FRAY
BLACKHAWK HIMSELF
DIVES IN PURSUIT OF
THE BROKEN SATIRE



A PITY
WE COULD
NOT SEE
HIS FACE...
THE R.A.F.
WOULD
BE PROUD
OF HIM...

SO LONG,
FELLA...
WE'LL
GET
'EM
FOR
YOU!!



PULLING UP SHARPLY HE SKY-
ROCKETS BACK INTO THE TANGLE
OF SCREAMING METAL BIRDS...



ALTHOUGH SUPERIOR
IN NUMBERS THE NAZIS
ARE NO MATCH FOR
THE AVENGING BLACK-
HAWKS...



AS THE LAST NAZI
FLAMES EARTHWARD,
BLACKHAWK GIVES
THE SIGNAL AND
THEY SWING TOWARD
HOME...



JUST AS DAWN
PEEPS SHYLY
OVER THE
HORIZON THE
BLACKHAWKS
ONCE MORE
GLIDE IN FOR
A LANDING...



I WONDER WHO
THAT ENGLISH
PILOT WAS?
HE CERTAINLY
SAVED
OUR
LIVES!!

YAH!
HE
WAS A
REAL
MAN!!



BLACKHAWK!
DAT KID JUMPED
IN HIS PLANE AN'
FOLLOWED YA!
HE LEFT DIS
NOTE!



HE PROBABLY
RAN HOME
TO MAMA...

SH.H.H!
LISTEN...

BLACKHAWK!
I THINK I AM
ABOUT TO DIE...
BUT FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN MY
LIFE I AM UN-
AFRAID...

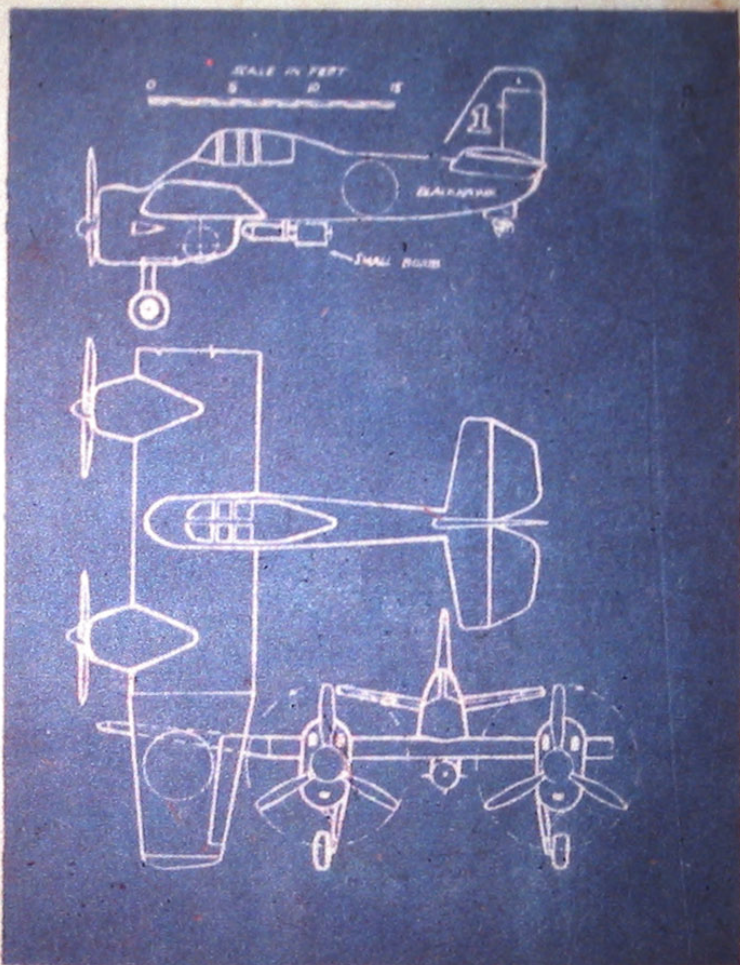




AND AS THE MORNING SUN BLAZES OVER THE HORIZON, THE BATTLE SONG OF THE BLACKHAWKS PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A COWARD WHO WAS BRAVE.



BOYS AND GIRLS VLADIM, OUR BLACKHAWK DESIGNER HAS JUST REVAMPED OUR GRUMMAN SKYROCKET TO SUIT OUR OWN NEEDS. HERE ARE THE PLANS, WE'LL USE THEM IN OUR NEXT ADVENTURE!



ARCHIE ATKINS

DESERT SCOUT

CAPTURED BY WILD SENUSSI TRIBESMEN LED BY ITALIANS, CORPORAL ARCHIE ATKINS OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN TANK CORPS, SERGEANT JACK BAILEY OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS, AND PRIVATE ACHMED OF THE SUDANESE CAMEL CORPS, WERE SAVED FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH BY THE GOAT, BILLY. SINCE,

BILLY HAS BECOME THE MASCOT OF THE LIGHT BATTALION.

ARCHIE ATKINS

JACK BAILEY

ACHMED

FAR OUT IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.

BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET!

GREAT SCOTT!

FANCY THAT!

THROUGH BINOCULARS, ARCHIE, JACK AND ACHMED SEE A DISTANT NAZI DESERT ENCAMPMENT.

WHAT A CHANCE, JACK! WE'RE DELIVERED GOING BACK AND THE WORMS REPORT TO MAJOR DOUGLAS. A SURPRISE ATTACK, AND THESE NAZIS GO FIZZLE!

ALLAH INTO OUR HANDS!

SUDDENLY BILLY, THEIR GOAT DASHES OFF TOWARD THE NAZIS...

HE'LL RUIN OUR PLANS!

BY THE WART OF THE GRAND VIZIER!



IN THE NAZI CAMP, MAJOR VON WICKENBERG MAKES HIS TOUR OF INSPECTION.



HE BENDS OVER THE CAMP WATER HOLE...

WATER, SEHR GUT MIT DISS VATER VE STAY HERE UND RAID DER VERDAMMT ENGLISHER!



BUT FROM NOWHERE BILLY APPEARS...

HIMMEL! VE ARE ATTACKED!



DRENCHED, THE MAJOR LOOKS UP

DONNERWETTER! VERE DID YOU COME FROM?

BA! BAA!



GET OUDT OF HERE!!



HIMMEL! GO AWAYS!!

BA! BAA!



THEN A CHASE TAKES THEM THROUGH THE NAZI CAMP.

SHOOT DOT VERDAMMT GOAT!

VE, CAN'T, VE HITS YOU IF WE TRY, NEIN?



WHAT A SCENE!!

FANCY THAT! BILLY JOLLY WELL GIVES THE JERRIES A HEADACHE.



GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT OUR PIG-GOAT! I'M GOING DOWN THERE... JACK YOU GO BACK AND WARN MAJOR DOUGLAS... TELL HIM WE'RE KEEPING THE JERRIES UNDER EYE.

I GET IT... I GO BACK IN THE PIG-IRON CAR WHILE YOU AND ACHMED HAVE THE FUN!



JACK BAILEY DRIVES OFF
IN THE ARMORED CAR...

PIP PIP AND
TOOTLE-DO,
CHAPS...

SO LONG,
NOW, ACHMED
WE GO.



ARCHIE AND ACHMED
CRAWL TOWARD THE NAZIS.

ALLAH MADE LIGHT TO HELP
THE FAVORED AND DARK TO
CONFUSE THE INFIDELS.
I LEARNED
THIS TRICK IN
AUSTRALIA.



LET ME HANDLE THIS GUARD,
O' LANKY ONE?

GO AHEAD,
BUT NO NOISE!

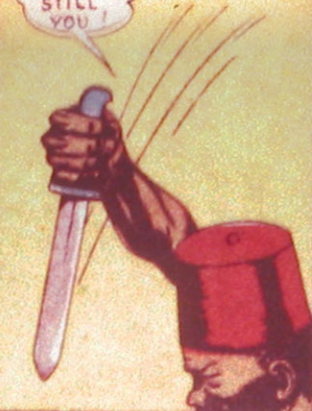


ACHMED LEAPS...

HIMMEL! MMMMM
SILENCE, EATER OF
PORK.



THIS WILL
STILL
YOU!

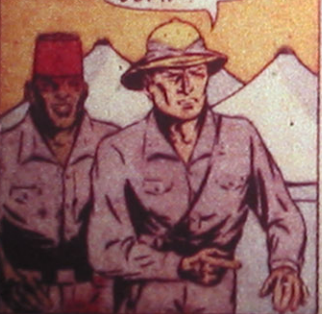


THEN, STEALTHILY ARCHIE
AND ACHMED ENTER THE
CAMP. CAREFUL, ACHMED!



WITH THE NAZIS STILL
CHASING THE GOAT, THE
TWO MEN ARE UNDIS-
COVERED.

LOOK, ACHMED!
THEIR AMMUNITION
DUMP!



WON'T WE BLOW THIS BUS-
INESS SKY HIGH WHEN
THESE CASES ARE
PILED UP.

BLESSED BE
OUR GOAT
BILLY.



ACHMED PICKS UP A
MACHINE GUN JUST AS A
SENTRY SPOTS THEM...



DONNERWETTER!
VERDAMMT ENGLISH
SPIES...

A NAZI SQUAD RUSHES
FORWARD...

BRITISH
SOLDIERS!
CAPTURE
THEM!



ARCHIE SPRAYS DEATH WITH
THE MACHINE GUN.

FIRE THE OTHER FUSE
WHILE I TAKE CARE
OF THESE BABIES!

I DO.



A HAIL OF BULLETS FAILS TO
BRING THEM DOWN...

COME ON,
ACHMED!



THERE'S A MUFFLED GROAN,
AND...

THEY GOT
ACHMED!



TAKE THAT AND
THAT AND THAT!



WHILE A FEW STRAY BULLETS
WHINE PAST...

HE'S ONLY WOUNDED, BUT
I CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE..



MEANWHILE... HAVING STOP-
PED HIS CHASE, BILLY
SURVEYS THE ACTIVITY.



THEN LIKE A BOLT OF
LIGHTNING...

HIMMEL!



WITH THE HELPLESS ACHMED
ARCHIE HAS GAINED A
POINT OF VANTAGE...

BILLY'S PRICELESS!
HE'S GAINED US
TIME TO GET
AWAY!



IN SATISFIED TRIUMPH, BILLY
RUNS TO ARCHIE'S SIDE

(GULP) BILLY'S COMING
UP LIKE HIS MAJESTY
ON PARADE



THE NAZI MAJOR FUMES

DONNERWETTER! VATS
SMATTER MIT YOU? A
LONE BRITISHER, UND
YOU'RE AFRAIDT!



THERE IS A RENEWED NAZI
CHARGE ON THE RESOLUTE
ARCHIE.

I'LL HOLD
FIRE UNTIL



THE ACCURATE LEAD STREAM
CUTS A PATH IN THE NAZI
RANKS

HERE GOES



THEN

OH-OH!! I'M
COOKED OUT OF
AMMUNITION!



HE'S GOT NO
MORE BULLETS!



BUT ARCHIE WHIPS OUT HIS
PISTOL AND GRABS THE
REVIVING, AHMED'S.

LOOKS LIKE FINIS, AHMED,
BUT I'LL MAKE EVERY
SHOT COUNT BEFORE
THEY GET US!



SUDDENLY A BLAST AND THE
WHOLE CAMP IS CONSUMED
BY A SHEET OF FLAME!



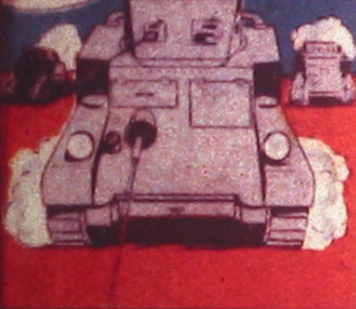
A SENTRY CRIES OUT

BRITISH BATTALION
APPROACHING!!



JUST THEN MAJOR DOUGLAS
LIGHT BATTALION BURSTS
INTO THE NAZI CAMP...

PLAY IN MY SECTOR, WILL
THEY? SHOW
THEM SOME-
THING,
BOYS!



HIMMEL! THE
ENGLISH ARE TOO
MUCH FOR US!



HOWEVER, BREN CARRIERS
CUT OFF THEIR ESCAPE...



SUDANESE CAMEL CORPS,
WITH ROYAL FUSILIERS AND
AMONG THEM JACK BAILEY,
CHARGE INTO THE FRAY...

C'MON
BOYS

WE CAN'T LET
THEM HAVE
ALL THE
FUN!



C'MON, YOU KRAUT
DON'T GET RECKLESS
WITH THAT TOAD
STABBER!!

VAT
155?



LATER

WELL, WE GOT
THEM WHIPPED!

PRAISED BE
THE PROPHET
WHOM
ALLAH
PROTECT



THE LIGHT BATTALION
ESCORTS THE PRISONERS
TO FORT GOPAL.

GOSH, OLD
MAJOR DOUGLAS
CERTAINLY IS
PLEASED,
JACK!

WHY
SHOULDN'T
HE BE? HE
WAS AT
DUNKERQUE



THEN, THE FOLLOWING DAY
THE MAJOR'S STOCKINGS
HAVE

STRANGELY
DISAPPEARED

BLAST IT!
WHERE
COULD
THEY
HAVE
GONE?



AND BEHIND THE BARRACKS...



COME ALONG AGAIN WITH
ARCHIE ATKINS AS UNLOOKED
FOR THRILLS BEFALL HIM
IN THE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

Loops and Banks

by BUD ERNEST



DUTIFULLY WALKING HIS POST AT U.S. MARINE HEADQUARTERS IN THE PULHIVE ISLANDS, A SENTRY IS HAILED BY 'BANKS' BARROWS AND 'LOOPS' MCCANN...

LI BUD, IS THIS WHERE WE SIGN TO JOIN THE MARINES??

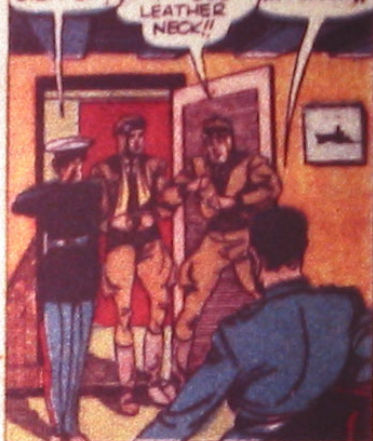
YES, SIR!!



BEG PARDON CAPTAIN, THESE MEN WISH TO SIGN UP!

POPE! WHY YOU OLD LEATHER NECK!!

JUMPIN' COWS!! 'LOOPS' MI CANN!!



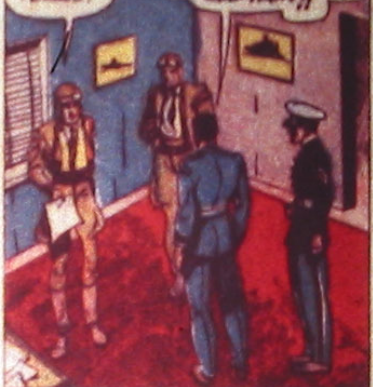
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU LEFT THE FORCE, FIVE YEARS AGO!! ARE YOU COMING BACK WITH US?

YOU BET!! MY FRIEND 'BANKS' AND I DECIDED TO DO OUR BIT NOW WHILE THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS MEN!



O.K. GENERAL, HERE'S YOUR RECEIPT... I'M YOURS FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS!

FINE! I'M SURE THE MARINE FORCE WILL BE OVERJOYED TO KNOW THAT! WHEN YOU ADDRESS ME, SAY, SIR... AND I'M A CAPTAIN!!



O.K. / I MEAN YES SIR!!... HOW SOON WILL WE BE ABLE TO TRY OUT SOME OF THOSE NEW GRUMMAN FIGHTERS? I'M ITCHING TO GET INTO ONE OF 'EM!!

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO ITCH A WHILE! YOU'VE GOT A NINE MONTH TRAINING PERIOD TO GO THROUGH FIRST!!



A NINE...!! HUH?? WHAT!! IF ME GO TO A FLYING SCHOOL!! ME?? WHY I'VE GOT A TRANS-PORT PILOT'S LICENCE!! I'VE GOT...

TAKE IT EASY, CHUM!!! WE WOULDN'T CARE IF YOU WERE LINDBERGH... YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN TO FLY OUR WAY!! YOU'RE IN THE MARINES NOW!



BECAUSE OF HIS COMMISSION IN THE RESERVE, 'LOOPS' HE CAN'T BE QUICKLY MADE AN INSTRUCTOR. 'BANKS' BARROWS, MEANWHILE, IS SENT TO GROUND SCHOOL - SEPARATED. THEY DON'T SEE EACH OTHER FOR SEVERAL MONTHS...



BOY! AM I GLAD TO GET OUT OF THAT SCHOOL!! I HAVEN'T BEEN IN A PLANE FOR SO LONG. I FEEL AS IF I'M ROOTED TO THE GROUND!



AT EASE MEN... WELL, SO THEY PUT YOU IN MY CLASS, EH, BANKS??

SHH! HERE COMES THE INSTRUCTOR



'LOOPS'!! HEY! WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?? WHY DON'T YOU TELL THOSE BRASS HATS I CAN FLY??



SURE! YOU CAN FLY! BUT NOT THE WAY THE MARINES WANT YOU TO! BOY! EVER SINCE THAT CRACK-UP IN CHINA, I'VE WANTED TO TEACH YOU HOW TO PILOT A PLANE!!



HA!! YOU TEACH MEN THAT'S A LAUGH!!

LAUGH OR NO LAUGH, YOU STILL HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS FROM ME!! WE'LL TAKE NUMBER TWO OVER THERE!!



HERE, LET ME HELP YOU ON WITH YOUR PARACHUTE, SWEET HEART!! WE DON'T WANT YOU TO GET HURT IF YOU FALL OUT!!



AW, LAY OFF!!

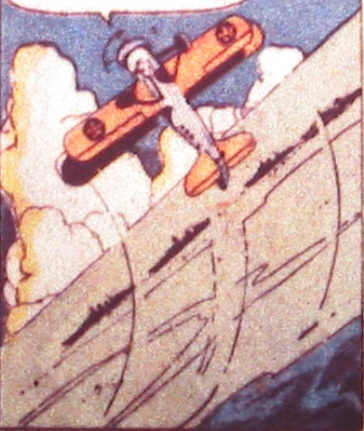
AW, IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO FLY AGAIN!! HOW ABOUT LETTING ME TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS OF THIS AIR FLIVVER??



TAKE IT EASY! A STUDENT CAN'T TAKE OVER THE SHIP UNTIL WE HAVE PLENTY OF ALTITUDE!! THERE! I GUESS WE'RE HIGH ENOUGH NOW, SO YOU WON'T HURT ANYBODY! O.K. GO AHEAD...



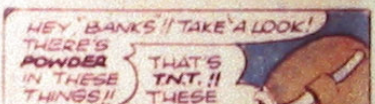
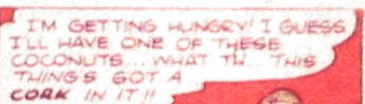
STUDENT!! HIGH ENOUGH!! NUTS! HANG ON, DEAR 'LOOPS'! WE'RE GOING FOR A JOY-RIDE!!



HEY! FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!! TAKE IT EASY!! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO? RIP THE WINGS OFF?



AW, IS LITTLE "LOOPSEY" SCARED?



MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES OUT AT SEA, A U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER STEADILY PLOWS THROUGH THE HEAVENLY WAVES...



RADIOGRAM FROM THE MARINE BASE, SR... ONE OF THE TRAINING PLANES IS DOWN ON AN ISLAND TEN MILES SOUTH OF US!

WIMPRP! I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO PICK THEM UP!!



SIGNALING FOR A CHANGE OF COURSE, THE HUGE SHIP TURNS ABOUT AND, WITH FULL SPEED AHEAD, RACES FOR THE SPOT RADIOED IN BY BANKS...



BACK ON THE ISLAND, 'LOOPS' AND BANKS LEAVE THE SHACK AND STEP INTO THE DRIPPING JUNGLE DETERMINED TO UNCOVER THE MYSTERY OF THE BOMBS DISBURGED AS COCO-NUTS...

THIS PLACE MUST BE A SABOTEUR'S BASE!



PLEASE STOP WHERE YOU ARE AND RAISE YOUR ARMS!!

!!?



WE SAW YOUR PLANE CRASH, BUT WE COULDN'T GET TO YOU BEFORE BECAUSE OF THE STORM... UNFORTUNATELY YOU WOULD HAVE TO DISCOVER OUR LITTLE SECRET! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU!!



WE WILL DISPOSE OF YOUR PLANE AND WHEN RESCUE PARTIES COME, WE SHALL TELL THEM YOU CRASHED IN THE SEA AND SANK THIS WAY, PLEASE!



PRODDED FORWARD BY THE NATIVES, 'LOOPS' SUDDENLY STOPS SHORT AND GRASPS THEIR RIFLE BARRELS... WITH A TREMENDOUS HEAVE HE KNOCKS THEM BOTH OVER...



BEFORE THE LEADER CAN BRING A PISTOL INTO ACTION, BANKS DIVES AT HIM AND DUMPS HIM HEAVILY TO THE GROUND...





MEANWHILE, A MARINE PLANE IS SENT OFF THE CARRIER TO ACT AS ADVANCE SCOUT... GRACEFULLY IT TAKES DOWN THE BROAD DECK, LIFTS LIGHTLY AND ZOOMS INTO THE AIR...



THERE THEY ARE, BANKS!! I TOLD YOU THEY'D COME!!

WHOOPEE! THESE CHEERS FOR THE MARINES!!



EEAAA!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! COMES THE GREAT BIRD THAT SPITS DEATH! RUN!



WUP!! WOWIE/THAT WAS CLOSE!! IF THAT BOY WOULD'VE SWUNG THAT CARVING KNIFE...!!!

HERE COMES A BOAT-LOAD OF MARINES!!



(THE PILOT RADIOED THAT SOMETHING STRANGE WAS GOING ON, SO WE CAME TO FIND OUT WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS!!)

IT'S A GOOD THING LIEUTENANT! THESE BIRDS ARE SABOTEURS!! PUT THEM ALL UNDER ARREST!!

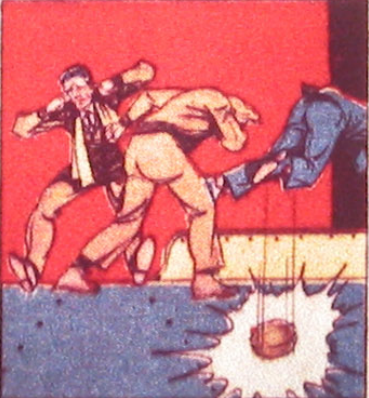


TWO HOURS LATER LOOPS AND BANKS ARE CALLED BEFORE THE CAPTAIN TO TELL THEIR STORY...

YES SIR, THERE WERE TWO LARGE STACKS OF THESE BOMBS MADE LIKE COCONUTS!!



THE OUTER SHELL ACTS AS A PERCUSSION CLIP AND A SUDDEN JAR WILL SET... LOOK OUT, SIR!! CATCH IT!!



WERE YOU TRYING TO FLYING CAT-FISH!! ONLY MISTER?? THAT'S AN ORDINARY COCONUT!!

ONE OF THOSE STACKS WERE BOMBS... WE HELD UP THE AGENTS WITH PLAIN COCONUTS!! WE PICKED THE WRONG PILE!!



AVIATION FACTS!

YOU WOULDN'T THINK THAT DUCKS FLYING NORTH WOULD INFLUENCE OUR MILITARY TACTICS... BUT THEY DID! THE AERIAL "V FORMATION" WAS COPIED FROM THEM...



THE "V FORMATION" IS USED SO THAT THE PLANES DON'T HAVE TO FLY IN CHURNED UP AIR, THE LEADER IS ALWAYS IN PLAIN VIEW, AND IN BATTLE A WOUNDED PLANE MAY DROP OUT WITHOUT INTERFERING WITH THE OTHERS... WE OWE THE DUCKS A LOT FOR THIS TRICK...

Miss AMERICA



MISS AMERICA, IN REALITY JOAN DALE, A REPORTER, IS A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL UP, ON WHOM THE SPIRIT OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY HAS BESTOWED MAGICAL POWERS.. THUS EQUIPPED, SHE SECRETLY AIDS THE AUTHORITIES IN THEIR END-LESS BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL.. TODAY, WE FIND HER HURRYING DOWN A SIDE STREET IN SEARCH OF A HUMAN INTEREST STORY FOR HER PAPER....



INFURIATED, ONE OF THE THUGS BRANDISHES A BLACKJACK OVER THE LITTLE MAN'S HEAD.

MISS AMERICA GESTURES, AND THE BLACK-JACK FLIES FROM ITS OWNER'S HAND ...

THE REMAINING HOODLUM GOES PURSUING DOWN THE STREET, PURSUED BY THE TALKING BLACK-JACK...





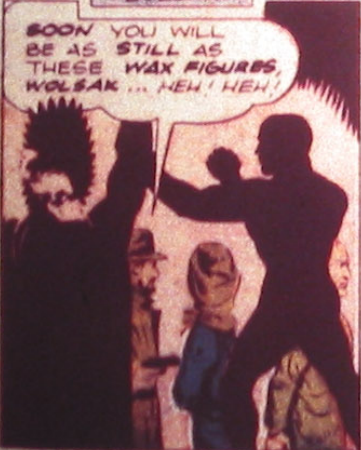
THAT VERY NIGHT IN WOLSAK'S MODEST APARTMENT...



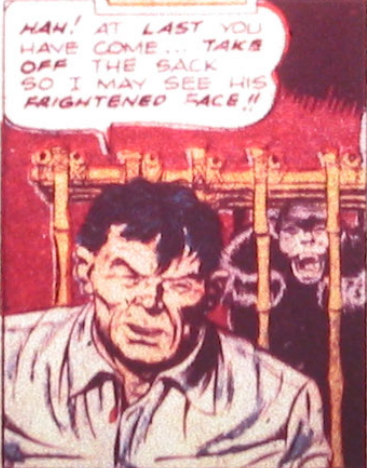
THE KIDNAPPERS DRIVE TO AN ABANDONED AMUSEMENT PARK...



THE FOREIGN AGENTS DRAG WOLSAK THROUGH A WAX MUSEUM...



IN A BACK ROOM, THE LEADER WAITS...



A WOMAN! IT'S MISS AMERICA!!!



TERRIFIED, THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS
DRAW THEIR GUNS...



SWIFTLY, MISS AMERICA
ENLARGES THEIR GUNS...



AT ANOTHER GESTURE FROM
MISS AMERICA, THE THUGS'
HATS SUDDENLY BECOME
TREMENDOUS...



MEANWHILE, UNKNOWN TO
MISS AMERICA, ANOTHER
AGENT HAS COME IN BEHIND
HER...



THE HOOGLUM GIVES AT THE
UNSUSPECTING GIRL, AND
GLAMES HER AGAINST THE
GORILLA'S CAGE...



IN A FLASH THE HAIRY
MONSTER WRAPS HIS
POWERFUL ARMS ABOUT
HER...



QUICK! GRAB HER
YOU GUYS!!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, MISS
AMERICA IS SECURELY
BOUND TO A CHAIR...





MEANWHILE, REALIZING WOLSAK'S DANGER, MISS AMERICA CONCENTRATES ALL HER POWERS ON THE ARMS OF THE CHAIR... TURNING THEM INTO HANDS...



THE PANIC-STRIKEN LEADER UNLOCKS THE GORILLA'S CAGE...



AS THE COWARDLY FOREIGN AGENTS ATTEMPT TO FLEE, THE FLOOR BECOMES A TREADMILL...



AT A COMMAND FROM THE GIRL MAGICIAN, THE WAX FIGURES COME TO LIFE...



THE LEADER TRIES TO HIDE, BUT A WELL-THROWN BOOMERANG FINDS ITS MARK...



UGH! NOBODY LEFT FOR ME TO SHOOT!!



AS THE ARROW WHISTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW, MISS AMERICA LEAPS NIMBLY ABOARD...



AT HER COMMAND, THE ARROW BECOMES HUGE, AND STREAKS FORWARD INTO THE NIGHT...



... AND SKIMS THROUGH WOLSAK'S WINDOW ...



INSTANTLY THE ARROW BECOMES A ROPE AND WHIPS AROUND, WOLSAK'S ASSAILANTS ...



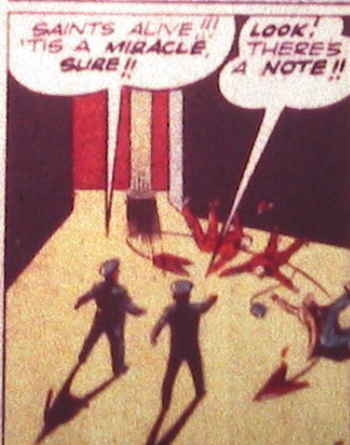
YOU'RE A CREDIT TO AMERICA, MR. WOLSAK!



THE ARROW TAKES FLIGHT ONCE MORE, DRAGGING THE ALIEN TERRORISTS IN ITS WAKE...



THE CRINGING BULLIES ARE DUMPED IN THE LOCAL POLICE STATION...



These men are Fifth Columnists! I'm sure they're ready to help you uncover the rest of the gang! Miss America

SHOT & SHELL

LIKE MERCURIAL
AVENGING ANGELS
WE SHALL SWOOP
FROM THE SKY, MY
LAD. WE TWO, IN
THE SERVICE OF
CIVILIZATION!



ONCE AGAIN THAT FIERY BANTAM, COLONEL
SAM SHOT, AND HIS YOUNG SIDEKICK,
SLIM SHELL, LAUNCH ANOTHER VALIANT
VENTURE... UNMINDFUL OF THE
RISKY ENDS TO WHICH THEIR
ENDEAVORS INEVITABLY CARRY THEM...

OH, I THOUGHT WE
WERE JUST DELIVERIN'
NEW BOMBERS TO
ENGLAND, COLONEL...



IN CANADA... VOLUNTEERS FROM THE ENDS OF THE
EARTH MUSTER TO FLY THE AMERICAN-MADE SHIPS.

REPORTING FOR ACTION, SIR...
EYES CLEAR... HANDS STEADY!



COLONEL, YOU'VE
CONVINCED US OF YOUR
SKILL AT NAVIGATION.
MR. SHELL WILL FLY WITH
YOU AS RADIO OFFICER.

YOUR PILOT, GENTLEMEN.
CAPTAIN DANDER AND
LT. PRAHG, CO-PILOT.

EXCELLENT.
I CAN SEE
YOU WILL BE
CHARMING
AIR COMPANIONS
EH?... WHAT WAS
THAT??

DZITIA
WZGBINKA
RSPOLSKI?



THE GIANT
SHIP TAKES
OFF INTO THE
SUN... ON ITS
LONG JAUNT
ACROSS THE
SEA....



SLIM SITS DOWN TO HIS
VIGIL AT THE RADIO...

WHAT'S THIS? SOME-
BODY JABBERIN' IN A
FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

THE YOUNG ADVENTURER RUNS AFT
TO EMPLOY THE COLONEL'S AID...

GUESS I GOTTA GIVE
OUR PRESENT POSITION

I CAN'T MAKE
HEAD OR
TAIL OF IT...

VERILY, 'TIS FOR-
TUNATE YOU HAVE
A STUDENT OF THE
LANGUAGES, DEAD
AND LIVING, ABOARD.

EGAD, SIR, WHAT ARE YOU
DOING AT THE RADIO?
WHY DON'T YOU STICK
TO YOUR OWN DEPART-
MENT, LIEUTENANT?

I, SIR, I COULD
FLY THIS SHIP
BY MYSELF.
COULD TAKE IT
APART AND RE-
ASSEMBLE IT WITH
MY OWN HANDS.
BUT DO I INFRINGE
ON THE DUTIES OF
OTHERS? NO! I SHALL
THRASH YOU, SIR!

AH, SHUT
UP!

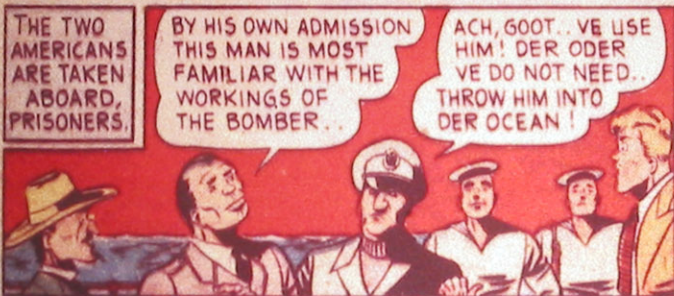
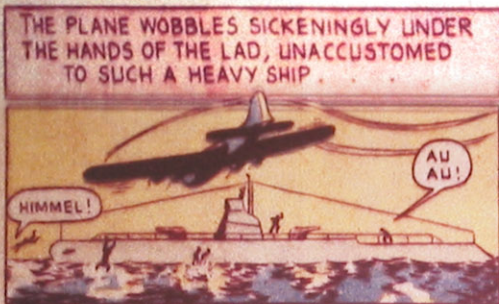
OIK! I
THOUGHT
YOU DIDN'T
SPEAK
ENGLISH!

BREAK THE
COLONEL'S
CANE, EH?

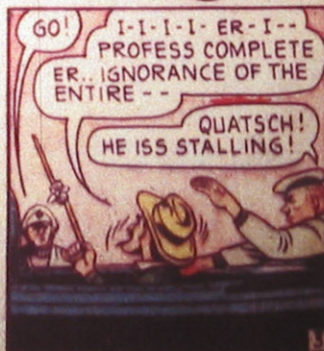
HEY! ALL YOU CHAPS STOP
JITTERBUGGING BACK THERE
SO I CAN KEEP THIS SHIP
TRIMMED!

BY GEORGE! IT'S
A TEUTONIC
TONGUE!





BUT THE RESISTING YOUTH IS OVERPOWERED BY NUMBERS... AND HE HURTTLES TOWARD DAVY JONES' LOCKER...



AH, EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT...
DER AMERICAN BOMBER -
LIES ON DER OCEAN... IT
LOOKS LIKE A CRACK-UP.



ODER ENGLAND-BOUND SHIPS
VILL FLY LOW TO INVESTIGATE...
AS VE COME TO DER SURFACE
UND BLAST EVERY PLANE
TO PIECES!!



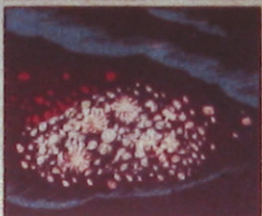
THE CRAFT BEGINS
TO SUBMERGE...



SUDDENLY THE SUB'S SIDE BUCKLES
FROM A SHELL BURST! SLIM SITS IN
THE PLANE, BLAZING AWAY!



BOILING BUBBLES ARE
THE SOLE REMINDERS
OF A ONCE EXISTENT
SEA-RAIDER...

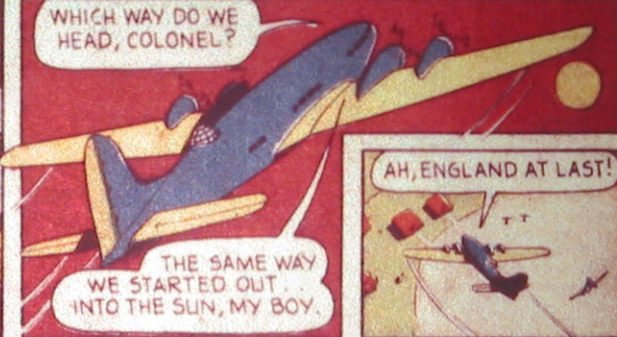


SLIM, YOU ARE A
HERO OF THE FIRST
WATER... UGH... PLEASE
DON'T MENTION
WATER...

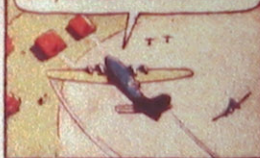
WATCH ME
LIFT THIS
ASHCAN
OUT OF
THE DRINK!



WHICH WAY DO WE
HEAD, COLONEL?



AH, ENGLAND AT LAST!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE?
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR
SUNDAY SPIN... BUT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BRING THAT SHIP
TO ENGLAND!!

OIK!
WE'RE IN
CANADA!



YOU'RE FIRED!!

HUH! NAVIGATION
EXPERT!



HAH! "INTO
THE SUN,
MY BOY"...

NOW, COMPOSE
YOURSELF, MY B--
I MEAN... DON'T
BLAME ME... IT WAS
THE SUN, Y'KNOW...
IT MOVED!



SHOR AND SHELL SEEK
NEW PATHS OF
GLORY IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
MILITARY COMICS

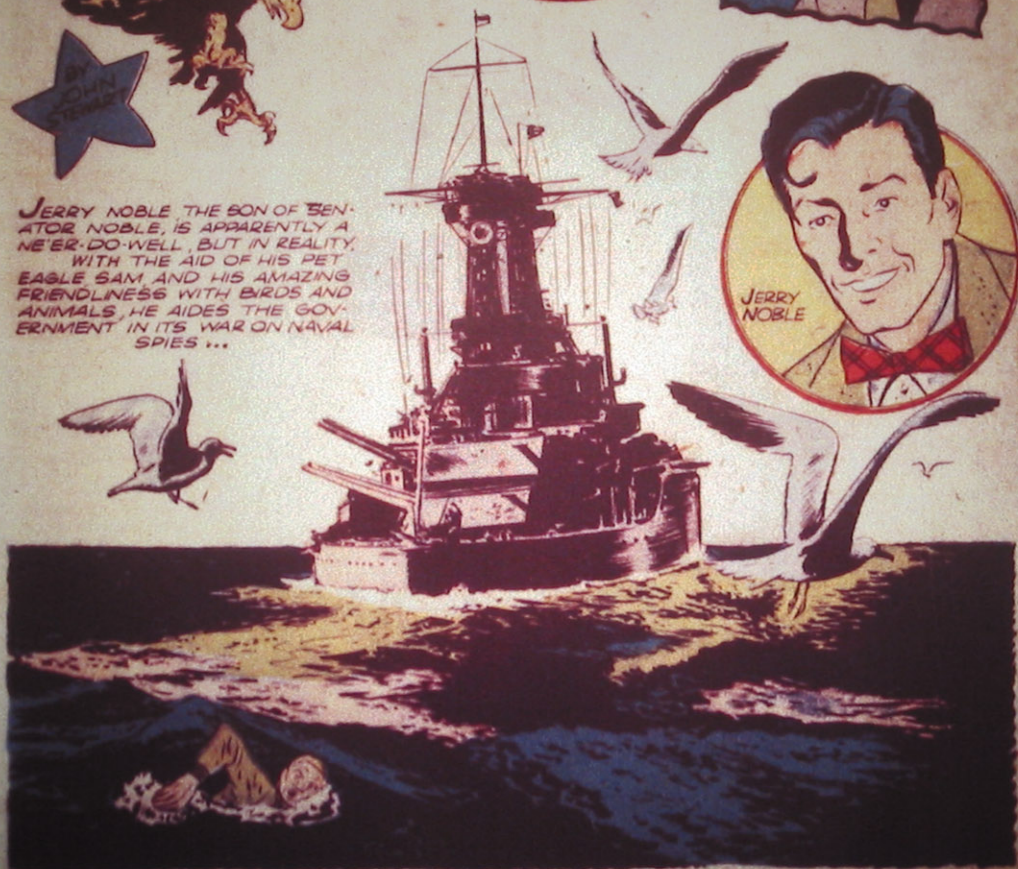
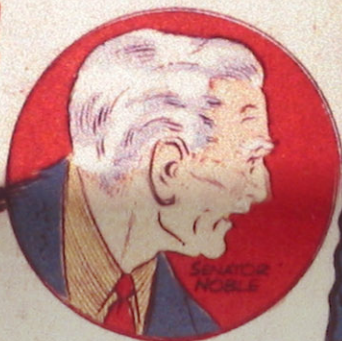
NAVY SECTION

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
BOOK 2 ★

YANKEE EAGLE



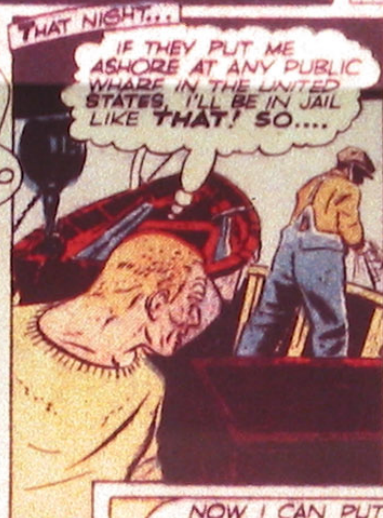
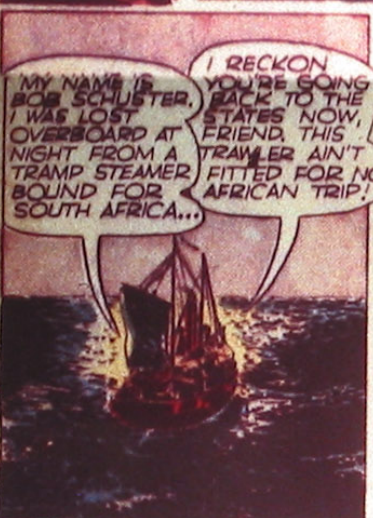
JERRY NOBLE THE SON OF SENATOR NOBLE, IS APPARENTLY A NE'ER-DO-WELL, BUT IN REALITY WITH THE AID OF HIS PET EAGLE SAM AND HIS AMAZING FRIENDLINESS WITH BIRDS AND ANIMALS, HE AIDES THE GOVERNMENT IN ITS WAR ON NAVAL SPIES ...



IN THE WIND-SWEPT WASTES OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, A SHIVERING FIGURE CLINGS TO A LOG... NEAR DEATH HE IS SAVED FROM A WATERY GRAVE BY A PASSING FISHING TRAWLER...



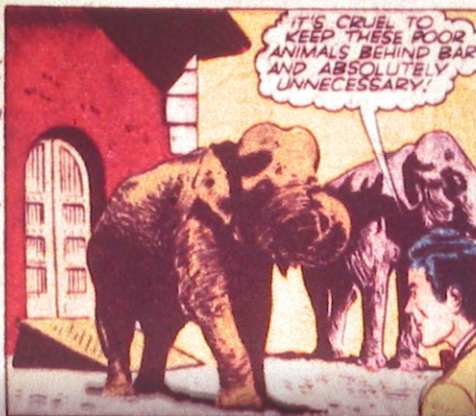
FOOD AND WATER AND A NIGHT'S SLEEP UNDER WARM BLANKETS DO WONDERS FOR THE EXHAUSTED MAN.



AND WHEN THE SECOND FISHERMAN RUSHES TOPSIDE TO HELP HIS FRIEND...



TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THIS TERRIBLE ACT OF TREACHERY JERRY NOBLE SON OF THE SENATOR STROLLS THROUGH A SEMIPRIVATE ZOO NEXT MORNING NOT FAR SOUTH OF WASHINGTON, D.C...



IT'S CRUEL TO KEEP THESE POOR ANIMALS BEHIND BARS... AND ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY!

JUST THEN A TERRIFIC ROARING AND RAGING COMES FROM THE CAGES AHEAD WHERE THE KEEPER IS FEEDING.....



GO IT, QUEEN! GO ON... GRAB HIS MEAT! KILL HIM!

HEY! WHAT GOES ON THERE?

STOP THEM! THEY'LL TEAR EACH OTHER TO PIECES!

YEAH?... AND THEY'D TEAR ME APART IF I TRIED TO STOP'EM!



WITH AN ANIMAL-LIKE SNARL THAT STARTLES THE KEEPER, JERRY NOBLE LEAPS THROUGH THE CAGE DOOR....



BACK INTO THAT CORNER! YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE MEAT TO YOURSELF!

THE LARGER PUMA OBEYS JERRY'S COMMAND.....



JERRY NOBLE LEAVES THE CAGE WITH THE SMALLER WOUNDED PUMA IN HIS ARMS AS THE ZOO'S OWNER HURRIES UP....



HOW DID QUEEN GET TORN UP LIKE THAT? IS SHE DEAD?

NO, SHE'S NOT DEAD... BUT SHE CAN'T THINK THIS KEEPER FOR IT!

HE DELIBERATELY THREW ONLY ONE PIECE OF MEAT INTO THEIR CAGE SO THE TWO ANIMALS WOULD FIGHT OVER IT!!



YOU'RE FIRED!



PRRR, PRRR, TAKE IT EASY, QUEEN, OLD GIRL. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT... PRRR, PRRR, PRRR.



MEANWHILE IN WASHINGTON, THE RESCUED MURDERER IS ROBBING SENATOR NOBLE'S SAFE WHEN JERRY'S FATHER RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE...



THE INTRUDER IN THE SENATOR'S OFFICE RUSHES FOR THE DOOR...



THE INTRUDER ESCAPES OUT A WINDOW ...

... AND THE SENATOR CONSULTS THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE FILES...

KURT VON WEISSMAN, HEY? ESPIONAGE AGENT, ONE-TIME SUBMARINE COMMANDER FOR THE NAVY OF.... HMMM.... NAVAL DEPARTMENT, HUMF?...

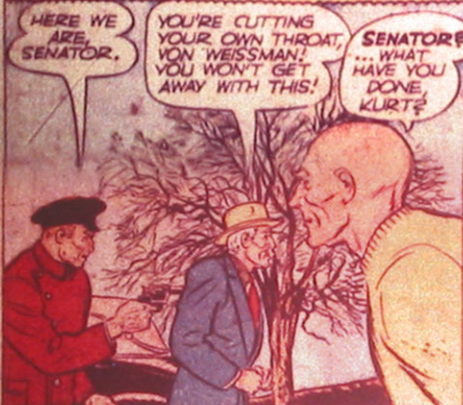




BUT INSTEAD OF GOING WHERE HE'S ORDERED, SENATOR NOBLE'S CHAUFFEUR WHEELS SHARPLY AND HEADS OUT OF TOWN!!



AT A "PRIVATE" AIR-FIELD SOME MILES NORTH...



HANDCUFFED SENATOR NOBLE IS STRAPPED IN THE FRONT COCKPIT OF A SPEEDY PLANE....



EARLY NEXT MORNING JERRY NOBLE IS STROLLING ABOUT HIS RANCH, WHEN.....



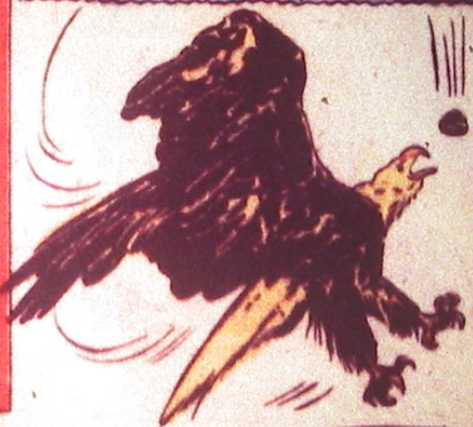
HIGH OVER JERRY'S HEAD...

AN EAGLE!

AN AMERICAN
EAGLE! IF IT WERE
THAT EAGLE OF
MY SON JERRY'S,
... I'LL TAKE THE
CHANCE!!



SENATOR NOBLE WORKS A GOLD RING OFF
HIS FINGER... HE TOSSES IT FURTIVELY OVER
THE SIDE... EAGLE-EYED, SAM PLUNGES DOWN



SECONDS LATER...

WHAT'S THIS? THE
NOBLE CREST ON THAT
RING?... IT'S MY DAD'S
RING?... DON'T LET
THAT PLANE OUT OF
YOUR SIGHT, SAM! UP!



JERRY RACES
DOWN TO THE HANGAR THAT
HOUSES HIS OWN SWIFT PLANE...

CAN'T LEAVE
YOU BEHIND, QUEEN
OLD GIRL! INTO
THE PLANE YOU GO!



STILL JUST BARELY
IN SIGHT... WE'LL KEEP
BELOW AND BEHIND
THEM TILL WE SEE WHICH
WAY THE WIND BLOWS...

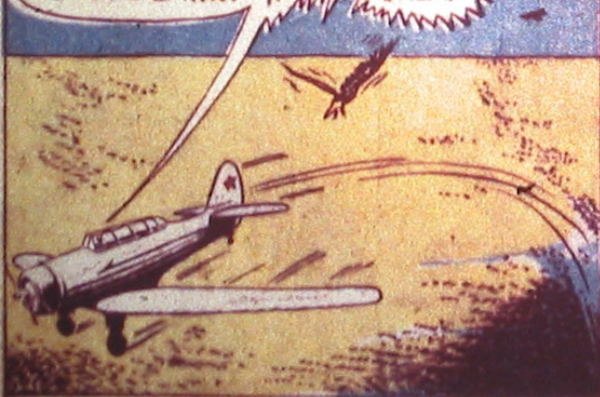


PASSING STRAIGHT OVER SAN
DIEGO, THE MYSTERY PLANE
BEARS STEADILY OUT TO SEA...

AT ONE OF THOSE LONELY
ROCKY ISLANDS.....

NOTHING BUT SOME
ROCKY ISLANDS ABOUT
AN HOUR OFF SHORE
OUT THAT WAY, AND I
HAVEN'T ENOUGH GAS
TO MAKE 'EM.....

HAIEEEEE! KEEP
AFTER
'EM, SAM!
I'M GOING
BACK!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THE
LOOKS OF OUR SNUS LITTLE
RETREAT, SENATOR?



YOUR WIRELESS MESSAGE WAS RELAYED FROM WASHINGTON. YOU ARE **MAD** KURT TO BRING A SENATOR HERE!

DOWN, FAFNER! YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHANCE AT THE SENATOR LATER! ...COME, ERICH, I TELL YOU MY PLAN...

KEEP THAT BRUTE AWAY FROM ME!

VON WEISSMANN AND ERICH DISCUSS THE SENATOR'S FATE....

OF COURSE, ERICH, I COULDN'T KILL HIM. NOR COULD I LET HIM GO FREE... BUT SUPPOSE BY THE TIME WE LET HIM GO THAT HE WAS A RAVING LUNATIC?

WE USE FAFNER FOR THAT? IT IS GOOD, KURT! YOU ARE A GENIUS!

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE FORBIDDING ISLAND, SENATOR NOBLE IS STRAPPED SECURELY TO A STOUT POLE, WITH FAFNER RASING AT HIM INCHES AWAY.....

A VERY CHEAP WAY TO FEED FAFNER, NOR WE MOVE HIM TWO INCHES CLOSER, EVERY TWO HOURS!

YOU FIENDS!! YOU'RE WORSE THAN MONSTERS!!

BUT AFTER DARK THAT NIGHT A SMALL BOAT APPROACHES THE ISLAND.....

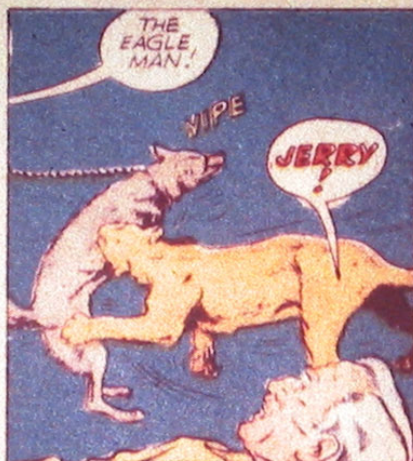
THEY FEEL PRETTY SECURE HERE! NOT A GUARD OR A LOOKOUT IN SIGHT!... C'MON, QUEEN! WE'RE GOING ASHORE

WHAT'S THAT I SMELL DOWN THERE, HOT OIL? DIESEL OIL!... DO YOU SUPPOSE DAD WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT THOSE SUBMARINE BASES?

WORKING HIS WAY DOWN THE NATURAL "CHIMNEY" IN THE ROCK, JERRY REACHES BOTTOM, WHERE HE FINDS.....

A SUB! THERE MUST BE A HIDDEN UNDERWATER ENTRANCE TO THIS PLACE!

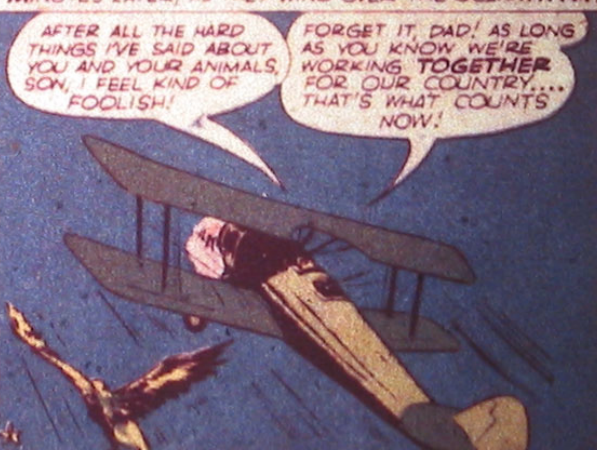
HEARING LOW VOICES, STRANGE GROWLING, JERRY HEADS FOR AN OPEN DOOR...HORRIFIED HE PEERS THROUGH. HE DOESN'T KNOW FAFNER'S TIED... 50.....



JERRY CUTS HIS FATHER LOOSE, CALLING QUEEN OF VON WEISSMAN, THE THREE LEAVE ON THE DOUBLEQUICK.....



MINUTES LATER, AS THEY WING OVER THE OCEAN.....



NAVAL FACTS:

THESE BOWS ARE EXAMPLES OF CONTRASTING IDEAS IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION... ALTHOUGH RADICALLY DIFFERENT THEY ALL ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE SAME PROBLEM...SPEED!



U.S.A. BATTLESHIP IDAHO CLASS... CURVED RAKING BOW... ANCHORS OVER WATER.

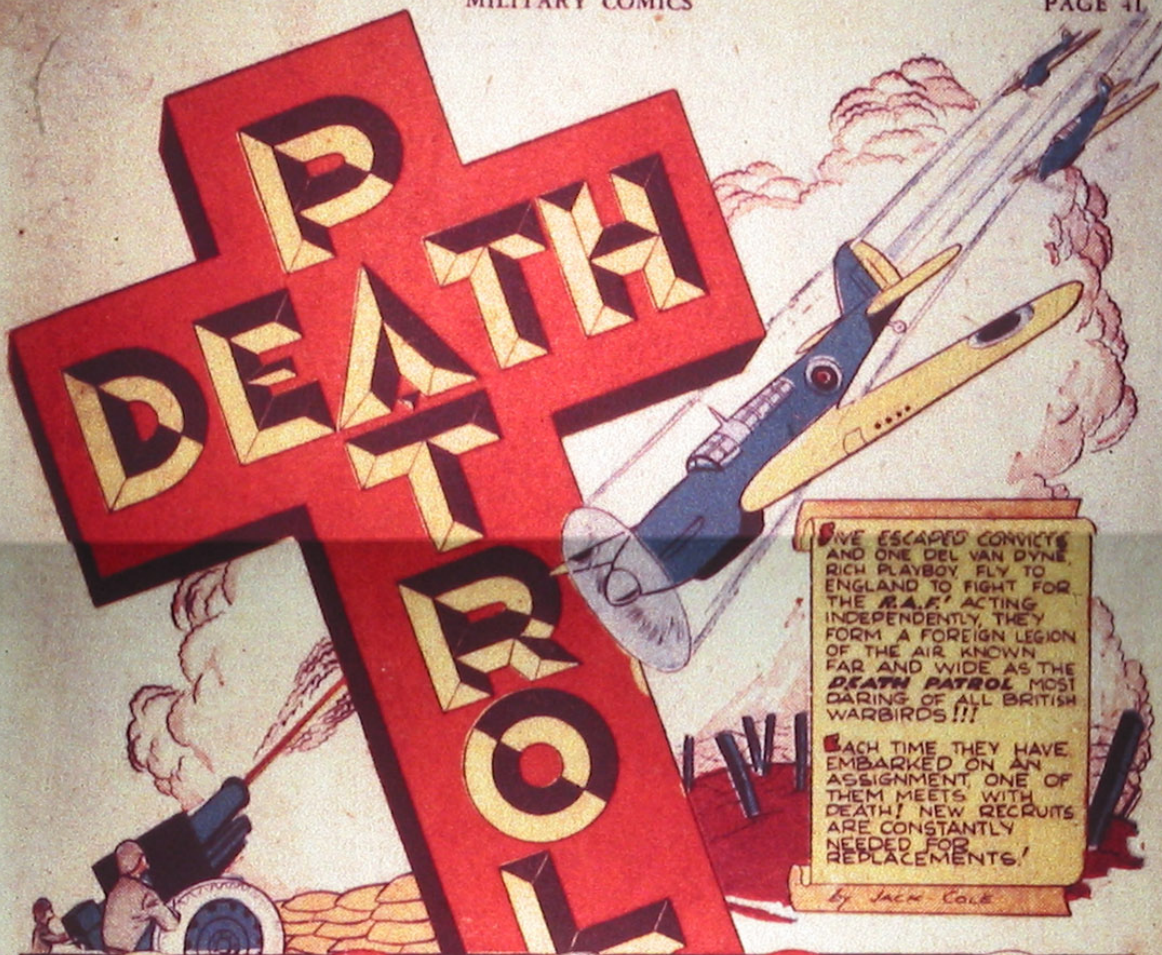


BRITISH BATTLESHIP QUEEN ELIZABETH CLASS... BLUFF RAM BOW...



NAZI POCKET BATTLESHIP... STRAIGHT KNIFE BOW... 4 ANCHORS

Another exciting episode of Yankee Eagle in the October issue of MILITARY COMICS.



BUTCH



GRAMPS



DEL



SLICK



HANK

AT R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS COL. RIDER IS SPEAKING:

GENTLEMEN, MEET STONEY ROCK, WHO WILL FILL IN THE GAP LEFT BY YOUR LATEST LOSS!

PRESS TH' FLESH PARD! I'M HANK THE CATTLE RUSTLER!

HI!

NOW FOR YOUR ORDERS: AN AMERICAN MERCY SHIP BOUND FOR FRANCE IS BEING ATTACKED BY NAZI SUBMARINES.

JUST CALL ME BUTCH! I CRACK SAFES AND YOUSE??

ARSON'S MY HOBBY!

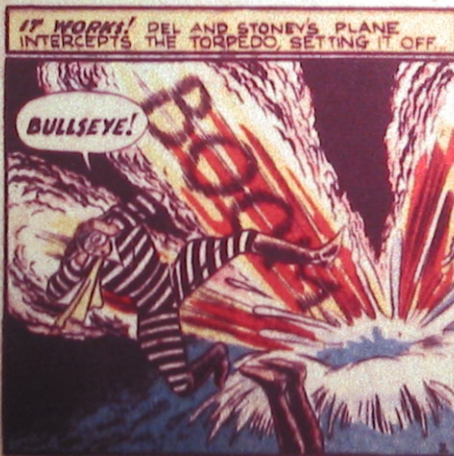
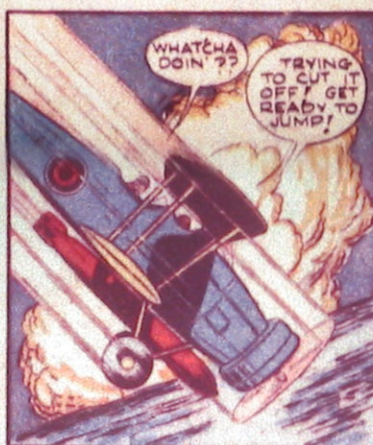
YOU ARE TO TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY AND ENGAGE THE SUBMARINES AT A POSITION FIFTY MILES WEST OF BORDEAUX AND—

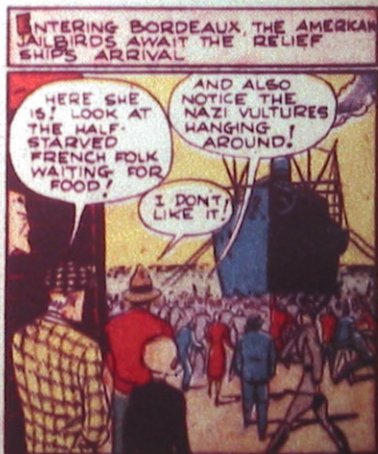
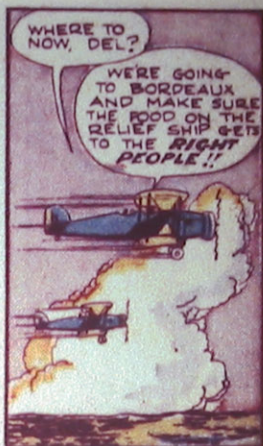
SLICK WARD! EX CON MAN!

HMM!

ATTENTION, MEN!! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID!

MY WARDEN CALLED ME '107980' BUT YOU KIN CALL ME GRAMPS!









THE TRAIN LUNGES
AHEAD AT FULL SPEED.

THERE'S AN
AIR BASE
AHEAD—
STOP THE
TRAIN!

TH' MOVIE
DIDN'T TELL
NOW TO
STOP IT!



GOTTA
JUMP
FOR IT!

HERE,
GOES.



EL AND HIS MEN APPROACH THE
BASE UNDETECTED.

LAMP THE LITTER
OF MESSERSCHMITTS!
THEY'RE FOR US!

BEFORE WE
SWIDE ANY, WE'LL
SET FIRE TO THE
HANGARS, AS A
TRIBUTE TO OLE
STONEY!

GOOD!
IDEA!

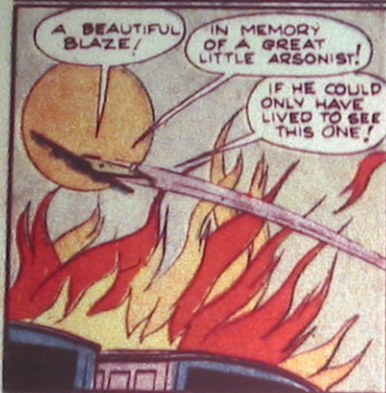


AMID LEAPING FLAMES THE FIVE
REMAINING MEN TAKE OFF!

A BEAUTIFUL
BLAZE!

IN MEMORY
OF A GREAT
LITTLE ARSONIST!

IF HE COULD
ONLY HAVE
LIVED TO SEE
THIS ONE!



BACK TO ENGLAND THEY GO

IT THERE'LL ALWAYS
BE AN ENGLAND

SAY WHAT'S THE
REST OF THAT
SONG??

IT DOESN'T
MATTER!—
YOU'VE GOT
THE MOST
IMPORTANT
PART OF IT!



JEHUMPIN'
JEHUDAS
THEY THINK
WE'RE
NAZIS!!

WE'LL HAVE TO
FLOW THROUGH
THE BARRAGE!

YOU
HOPE!



HOLD
YOUR
HATS!

IF WE GET
THROUGH
IT'LL BE A
MIRACLE!

WOW!

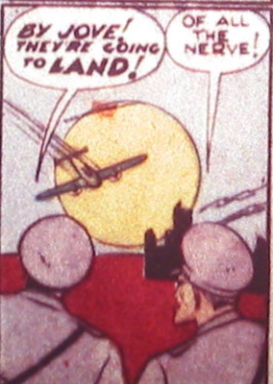
THERE'S
THE FIELD!



ON THE GROUND BELOW,
BRITISH OFFICERS GASP
IN AMAZEMENT.

BY JOVE!
THEY'RE GOING
TO LAND!

OF ALL
THE NERVE!



WHADDA
YA MEAN,
TRYIN TO
SHOOT US
DOWN?

AFTER
ALL WE'VE
DONE FOR
YOU!!

THE
DEATH
PATROL!

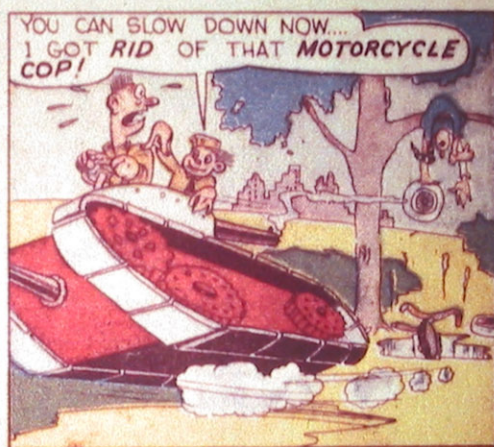
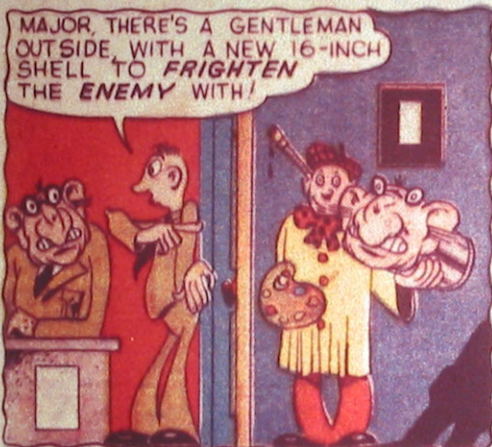
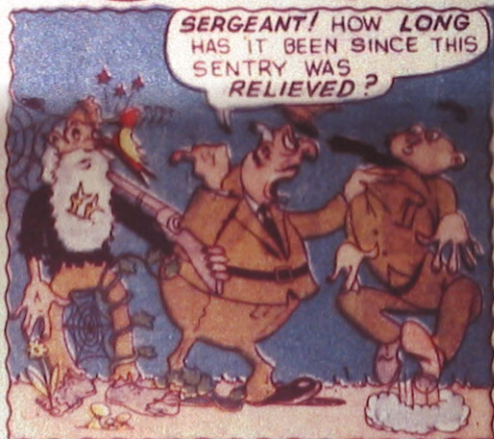
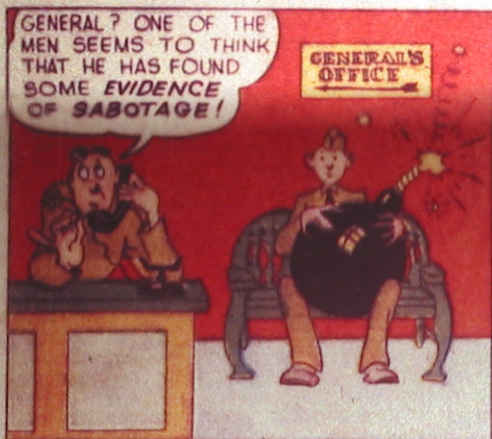


WHO IS **FATZY??**
FOR THE ANSWER, READ
THE NEXT EPISODE OF
DEATH PATROL!!!
IT'S A TREAT YOU WON'T
WANT TO MISS!!

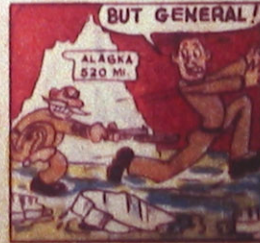
Follow Death Patrol in the October issue of MILITARY COMICS—on sale August 1st.

Sabotage

By Tex
Blaisdell

CAMP CAPERS.... THE BAYONET DRILL... BY LANE FRENCH





WILD BILL DUNN

WILD BILL DUNN, AN AMERICAN ENGINEER SERVING WITH THE BRITISH ARMY AND HIS AUSTRALIAN BUDDY, BOOMERANG JONES HAVE BEEN REPORTED DEAD IN A BATTLE WHICH WIPED OUT THEIR OUTFITS...WHILE LIVING WITH THE ETHIOPIAN PATRIOTS THEY BUILT THE **BLUE TRACER** OUT OF CAPTURED FASCIST EQUIPMENT AND MADE IT THE FASTEST AND MOST FORMIDABLE FIGHTING MACHINE YET INVENTED.

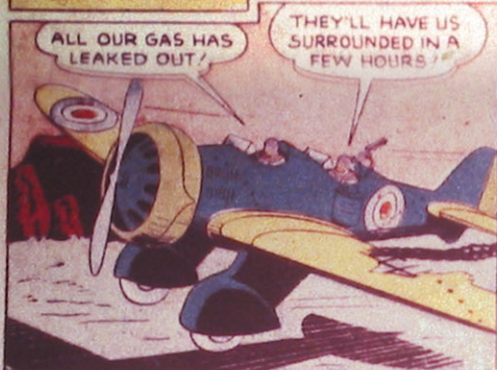


BOOMERANG JONES

THE BLUE TRACER

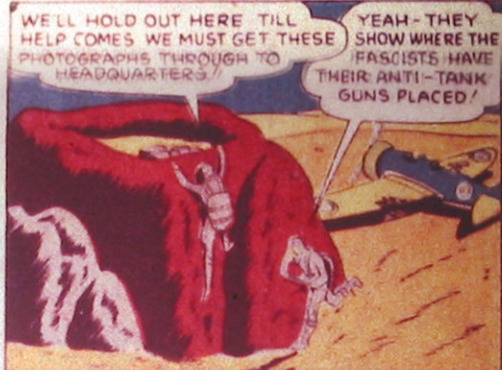
A BRITISH RECONNAISSANCE PLANE, DAMAGED IN A RAID OVER SOMALILAND IS FINALLY FORCED DOWN ON THE DESERT.

GRABBING THEIR CAMERA AND SUB-MACHINE GUNS THE TWO AVIATORS DASH TO A NEARBY FLAT-TOP ROCK.



ALL OUR GAS HAS LEAKED OUT!

THEY'LL HAVE US SURROUNDED IN A FEW HOURS!



WE'LL HOLD OUT HERE TILL HELP COMES. WE MUST GET THESE PHOTOGRAPHS THROUGH TO HEADQUARTERS!

YEAH - THEY SHOW WHERE THE FASCISTS HAVE THEIR ANTI-TANK GUNS PLACED!



FASCIST PLANES - THEY'VE GOT US SPOTTED!

IN A FEW MINUTES AN ENEMY MOTOR PATROL, GUIDED BY THE SPOTTER PLANES, ADVANCES TOWARD THE LONELY ROCK.



THEY'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS!

UNDER ORDERS TO CAPTURE THE TWO SHARPSHOOTING PILOTS ALIVE FOR QUESTIONING, THE FASCISTS STORM THE ROCK ONLY TO BE DRIVEN BACK!



OUR AMMUNITION IS ALMOST GONE AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY HELP!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO BURN SOME SMOKE SIGNALS!



HERE GOES! IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL KNOW IF ANYONE SEES IT!



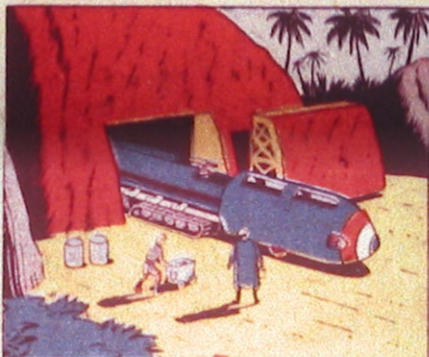
SETTING FIRE TO THEIR PARACHUTES AND UNIFORMS THE TWO DESPERATE SOLDIERS SEND UP THREE "SMOKES", THE OLDEST HELP SIGNAL KNOWN TO MAN!



THE FOOLS—NOBODY WILL SEE THOSE SIGNALS! IT'S TOO FAR TO THE NEAREST ENGLISH OUTPOST!



BUT A FEW HUNDRED MILES AWAY IN A HIDDEN HANGAR, BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG ARE BUSY OILING UP THE BLUE TRACER



PHEW! THIS IS THE KIND OF WEATHER THAT MAKES MIRAGES!

LOOK!



UP IN THE SKY THE SMOKE SIGNALS ARE CLEARLY VISIBLE!

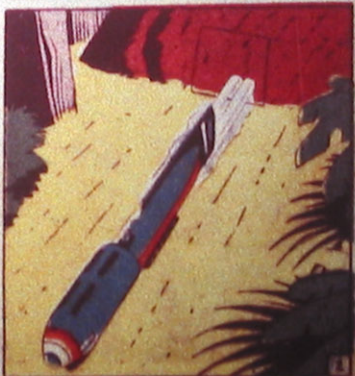


IT'S A MIRAGE!

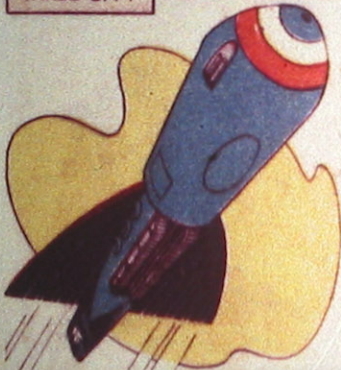
SURE / SOMEBODY'S SIGNALING FOR HELP HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY THE WHOLE SCENE IS REFLECTED BY THE SUN'S RAYS AGAINST THE SKY! COME ON—LET'S GO!



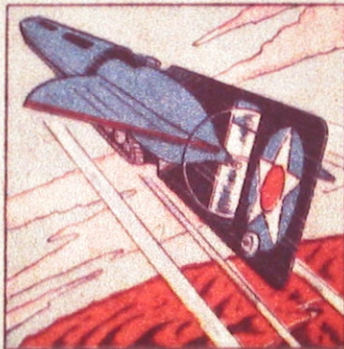
AFTER QUICKLY CLOSING THE UNDERGROUND HANGAR, BILL DRIVES THE GREAT MACHINE FORWARD.



SPREADING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS AND RETRACTING ITS WHEELS THE BLUE TRACER TAKES OFF!



UP AND UP - HIGHER THAN ANY MAN HAS BEEN BEFORE, THE FLYING BULLET SOARS UNTIL THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH CAN BE SEEN!



LOOKING THROUGH A TELESCOPE THAT CAN PIERCE THE BLUE HAZE BOOMERANG SPIES THE SIGNALS.



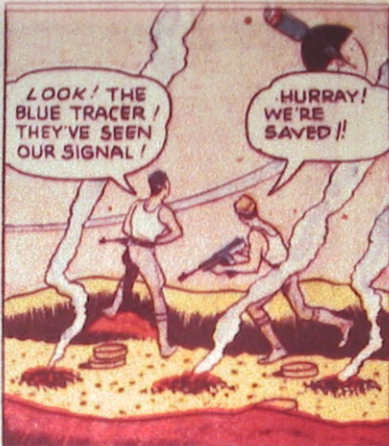
THE "SMOKES" ARE ABOUT 450 MILES NORTHEAST FROM HERE!

WELL, WE'RE OFF! CHECK UP ON THE AMMUNITION!



LOOK! THE BLUE TRACER! THEY'VE SEEN OUR SIGNAL!

HURRAY! WE'RE SAVED!!



AS THEY EXPOSE THEMSELVES IN A MOMENT OF ELATION, THE TWO ENGLISHMEN ARE CAUGHT FULL IN THE CROSS-HAIR SIGHT OF AN ITALIAN MACHINE GUN...



THE TWO AVIATORS CRUMPLE OVER AS A BURST OF BULLETS SWEEPS THE ROCK TOP!



IMMEDIATELY BILL FOLDS UP THE WINGS OF HIS MACHINE, AND AIMING THE NOSE OF HIS SHIP DIVES LIKE A SCREAMING SHELL AT THE FASCISTS!



THE BLUE TRACER-SCATTER!



A HAIL OF DEATH-DEALING EXPLOSIVES FROM THE NOSE OF THE DIVING TRACER DESTROYS THE PATROL CARS—



AND QUICKLY SPREADING ITS WINGS THE BLUE TRACER PULLS OUT OF THE DIVE AND LANDS GENTLY BY THE ROCK!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE TWO ON THE ROCK—YOU CATCH THAT GENERAL—HE'S RUNNING AWAY!

AYE
AYE
SIR!



BRANDISHING HIS BOOMERANG THE DOUGHTY AUSTRALIAN HOTLY PURSUES THE FLEEING OFFICER!



SHOOT AT ME, WILL YA?



GOT HIM!



ONE MORE CAPTIVE GENERAL FOR THE ENGLISH! I'LL LOCK HIM UP IN THE BLUE TRACER!



BACK ON THE ROCK—

THESE TWO GENTS ARE PRETTY WELL SHOT UP, BUT THEY'LL PULL THROUGH!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT US! JUST GET SHOT UP, BUT THEY'LL PULL THROUGH! THESE PHOTOGRAPHS BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS!



AS THE WOUNDED MEN ARE PLACED IN THE BLUE TRACER, A SHELL BURSTS NEARBY!

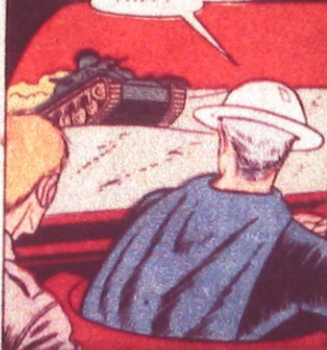
GET IN QUICK—WE'RE ABOUT TO BE ATTACKED—AND HOW!



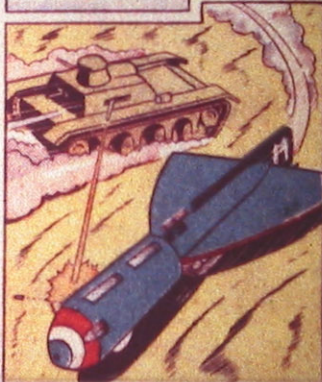
NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON THE BLUE TRACER SPEEDS OUT OF DANGER AS ANOTHER SHELL EXPLODES DANGEROUSLY CLOSE!



THOSE TWO SHOTS WERE FROM THAT ADVANCING GIANT TANK - HANG ON! WE'RE GOING TO RAM HIM!



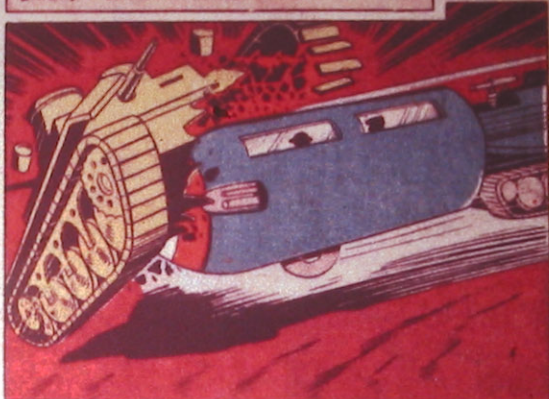
WHEELING AND CHARGING, THE METAL TITANS MANEUVER FOR A VITAL OPENING.



SUDDENLY THE BLUE TRACER MAKES AN INCREDIBLY QUICK TURN AND CATCHES ITS SLOWER ANTAGONIST AT A DISADVANTAGE!



AND WITH A FINAL BURST OF SPEED BILL SENDS HIS BULLET-LIKE MACHINE INTO THE TANK!



YOU SURE POLISHED OFF THAT TANK!

MAN THE MACHINE - GUN, BOOMERANG - WE'RE GOING UP!



AS THEY CLIMB INTO THE PLANE FILLED SKY THE RED-HEADED AUSTRALIAN TAKES OVER THE MACHINE GUN.



OH, BOY! THIS IS WHERE I COME IN!

SPITTING LEAD AT THE BLUE TRACER, THE ENEMY PLANES DIVE TO THE ATTACK!



A TRAIL OF SMOKE FROM THE NEAREST PLANE IS PROOF OF BOOMERANG'S ACCURATE AIM!

SOON THE SKY IS FULL OF ZOOMING MACHINES AS A FIERCE DOG FIGHT TAKES PLACE!

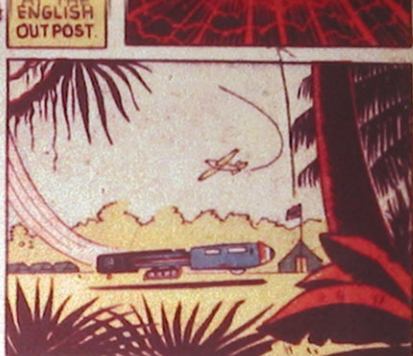
ANOTHER AIRPLANE CRASHES TO A FIERY DOOM!



DECIDING THE BLUE TRACER IS TOO TOUGH AN ADVERSARY, THE FASCIST FLYERS WITHDRAW TO SAFETY!

I'D LIKE TO GET A FEW MORE OF THEM BUT WE BETTER GET THOSE WOUNDED MEN BACK TO THEIR BASE!

IN A FEW MINUTES BILL LANDS AT THE ENGLISH OUTPOST.



SIR, HERE ARE THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ENEMY GUN EMPLACEMENTS—AND THANKS TO THE BLUE TRACER WE HAVE AN IMPORTANT PRISONER!

MY WORD! GENERAL D'NATZI!

HARRUMPH! CAPTAIN DUNN AND PRIVATE JONES YOU ARE A.W.O.J. AND SUBJECT TO COURT MARTIAL, BUT SINCE YOU ARE OFFICIALLY REPORTED DEAD WE'LL LET IT PASS!

BUT OFF THE RECORD, BOYS—YOU'RE DOING GREAT WORK AND THAT BLUE TRACER OF YOURS IS A MARVELOUS MACHINE! GOOD LUCK ON YOUR NEXT ADVENTURE!

THANK YOU, SIR!



The MILITARY COMICS

Award for Youth Bravery

EACH MONTH *MILITARY COMICS* WILL TELL THE STORY OF A BOY OR GIRL WHOSE BRAVERY IN ACTION HAS BEEN OUTSTANDING AND DESERVING OF SPECIAL MENTION.

THIS MONTH WE TELL THE STORY OF ENGLAND'S LATEST BOY HERO IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN..... FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD **JOHN THOMAS CAIN**, IS THE YOUNGEST WEARER OF THE COVETED GEORGE MEDAL, AND NOW *MILITARY COMICS* TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THIS NEW AWARD.

By **TEX BLAISDELL**

Well known to the police of London's East End is fifteen year old John Thomas Cain. Often enough they have reprimanded him for trifling offenses, such as blocking traffic with his vegetable cart, leaving spoiled vegetables in the streets, breaking windows and other typically boyish pranks. Last week, however, the Metropolitan Police would have looked the other way if he had overturned his whole cart in Piccadilly Circus, for John Thomas Cain was sporting one of the highest awards for gallantry that his country can give a civilian, The George Medal. He is, so far, the youngest Briton to wear it.

Early last week, on a bright sunshiny morning, Johnny was as usual, pushing his vegetable cart down one of the bomb-shattered streets in war torn London. Young John Thomas is the man of the house these days, for his Dad is fighting with the R. A. F.

and doesn't get home very often. Mrs. Cain has her hands full keeping their little vegetable shop going and John does his part by going from door to door, crying his wares. He is very proud of his little cart, for strapped underneath is the fire fighting equipment issued to Britain's Civilian Volunteer Fire Fighting Corps, and Johnny is the youngest member in the neighborhood.

All that night, the vicious Nazi raiders, had droned overhead, dropping their deadly cargoes, and another night had been spent in the air-raid shelters. As yet the "all clear" had not been sounded, but daybreak found John Thomas Cain up and abroad, cheerfully pushing his wagon down the battered streets. As he turned into the square, his sharp eyes spied an un-exploded incendiary bomb lying in a neat by doorway. Quick as a flash he unstrapped his equipment from under the cart, and without a thought for his personal safety, he proceeded to

extinguish the smoking missile.

A few moments later, having made his report to the local warden, he was once more gayly threading his way down the debris littered avenues. Such trivial occurrences had become mere routine to John, for he already had twelve single handed rescues, and forty-four assists to his credit. Little did he know, however, that on this beautiful morning he was to eclipse all his previous deeds of heroism, and become Britain's youngest hero.

As he reached Mrs. Dunn's home, he selected her usual order from the stock, and ascended the stairs. Hardly had the young hero reached the top, when a tremendous explosion hurled him bodily through the screen door, scattering broken glass and pieces of wood and metal all about him. Johnny picked himself up, and dashed into the street, and there, not half a block away, a mass of smoke and flame, tormented the remains of a paint factory—in



which were trapped, the members of the night shift!

Without a second thought young John streaked toward the flaming wreckage, joining four policemen who had also heard the explosion. Together, the five rescuers worked frantically to batter their way into the demolished building and bring out the victims. At last a small opening was cleared away, and before anyone could restrain him, John Thomas Cain, squirmed through and splashed chest deep in a swirling torrent of paint. Death stalked close beside him as John slipped and slithered his way across the flooded basement. Overhead flashed a new and more dangerous hazard, for the high voltage wires had been broken, and their powerful current was arcing brilliantly in the inky darkness—threatening at any second to ignite the inflammable paint. At the far end of the basement, a small flight of stairs led upward into the adjoining room—where stretched unconscious on the floor were the helpless members of the night shift.

With all his strength young John dragged one victim to the doorway, and depositing him upon a floating door, retraced his perilous steps to the tiny opening in the wall. Although the Bobbies had redoubled their efforts, the hole was still too small to admit a full grown man, and after boosting the unconscious worker to a ledge, Johnny was forced to return alone, to the little room across the cellar.

The crowded cellar was rapidly filling with paint, and the gallant boy had to half swim back to the

stairs—his brave young head now but inches below the terrible high voltage wire which reached out their hungry fingers to seize him! Instant electrocution faced the youngster, should he but graze one of the flaming ends. With the noxious paint fumes tearing at his lungs, he feverishly transported one victim after another across the perilous pool to the temporary safety of the ledge beneath the ever widening breach.

Outside the police strained valiantly at their task, but the ancient masonry held tenaciously, and progress was slow—far too slow! While deep within the fast crumbling building, the poisonous

and ten victims were transported to safety on the ledge.

At last, gasping for breath, his lungs seared, his brain numb, the courageous youth crawled out onto the ledge—exhausted! He could have easily climbed back through the opening to safety, but Britain's youngest hero would not desert the stricken men beside him. Suddenly sunlight burst into the blackness of the cellar and strong hands lifted Johnny to the street above. Swiftly the business-like Bobbies hauled the ten workers to safety and as the last man was carried clear, the tortured structure groaned and came crashing down—filling the basement



fumes and great exertion were taking their toll. Slowly and painfully John forced his aching body back across the slimy ooze that threatened to engulf him and as the doomed factory tottered and creaked, steel girders and chunks of stone crashed down about his head. Ten trips the valiant Briton made through the sticky morass,

with tons of wreckage.

Several days later, young John Thomas Cain called at Mrs. Dunn's as usual—but this time, there shone from his proudly expanded chest, the most prized possession of all his fifteen years, the George Medal for distinguished bravery. We think he earned it, don't you?

SEND IN YOUR NOMINATIONS FOR THE HERO OF THE MONTH, COMPLETE WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND FULL DETAILS... MILITARY COMICS WILL DRAMATIZE THE BEST STORY, AND GIVE HONORABLE MENTION TO THE TEN NEXT BEST..... WATCH FOR YOUR CANDIDATE'S NAME NEXT MONTH.....

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ARE ACCEPTED, AND FIVE DOLLARS WILL BE PAID TO THE ONE WE SELECT! THE DECISION OF THE EDITOR WILL BE FINAL, AND ALL ENTRIES BECOME OUR PROPERTY AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED....

June 20, 1940: It is dawn...an early fog steals over the English channel, blanketing the Nazi invasion coast from Dunkerque to Calais... Tense watchers on the English cliffs relax slightly for the fog means that the long expected Nazi invasion is halted once again for 24 hours... On the French Coast a Nazi sentry flips his cigarette into the swirling mist as he peers intently at a shapeless object approaching the shore...



WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE CYCLISTS SURGE SHOREWARD...



LED BY CAPTAIN RANSOM SWIFT THE BRITISH MOTORCYCLISTS MOP UP THE FEW NAZIS...



INTO THE SEA WITH YOU! SWIM BACK TO GERMANY

MORNING'S SUN WARMS THE ROAD IN OCCUPIED FRANCE AS THE BRITISH CONTINUE THEIR SURPRISE INVASION!!



AHEAD IS THE CENTRAL NAZI COMMUNICATIONS CENTER FOR NORMANDY, SWIFT

YES, WE'RE NEAR LE HAVRE - I'M GOING ON AHEAD, HANLEY, TO DISGUISE MYSELF AS A NAZI OFFICER!



INTO THE DANGER ZONE GOES CAPTAIN SWIFT, DISGUISED AS A NAZI...DARING FATE



AS SOON AS YOU HEAR ME SHOOTING, COME AFTER ME

HALT! VERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO LONDON!! - I LOST MYNE VAY!



ACH! GOOD CHOK! GO AHEAD, MYNE FRIEND. I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR VAY TO LONDON... HA-HA



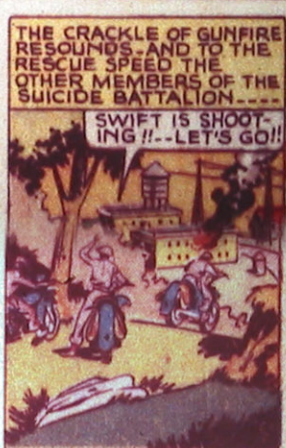
YOUR MOTORCYCLE IS VERY STRANGE FOR AN OFFITZER!

THE GESTAPO USES STRANGE MACHINES MEIN HERR! YOU'RE SURE NOTHING EVER HASS BEEN WRONG HERE?



I AM SURE





NOW OUR JOB REALLY BEGINS IN EARNEST, HANLEY. THERE'S A CHATEAU A FEW MILES FROM HERE, WHERE WE SHALL FIND SOME IMPORTANT ENEMY OFFICERS... SO LET'S GO!!



MONKEY-LIKE, CAPTAIN SWIFT AND HIS MEN CLAMBER UP THE UN-DEFENDED CHATEAU WALLS----



SH... EASY MEN. IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF THEY'RE EXPECTING ANYBODY HERE!!

DON'T MOVE!! ARE YOU ALONE, DUTCHY?

Y-YA, MEIN HERR, I-I AM JUST A SERVANT, PLEASE D-DON'T SHOOT



TAKE US TO YOUR GENERAL--AND NO ONE ELSE-- MOVE!!

YA WOHL!



WITHIN THE GENERAL'S ROOM, THE BRITISH FIND A TRAITOR----

-- AND THE LOCATION OF THE BRITISH FLEET IS--

FORGET IT, FRENCHIE! NOW, ALL YOU BLIGHTERS --UP WITH YOUR HANDS

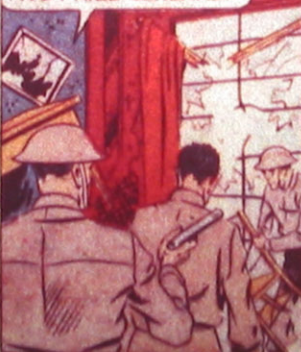


WE'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE, GENTLEMEN-- SAY WHAT'S WRONG, GENERAL, DON'T YOU WALK WITH YOUR OWN MEN--? KEEP TOGETHER!!

A GENERAL DOES NOT MINGLE MIT A COMMON PRIVATE--I WALK ALONE



RIGHTO, MEN-- ENOUGH DAMAGE-- TIE UP THIS SERVANT, RIP OUT THE PHONE WIRE-- THEN WE'LL LEAVE WITH OUR TWO PRIZE GENERALS



SORRY YOUR RIDE WILL BE SO UNCOMFORTABLE, GENERAL-- BUT WE CAN USE YOU----

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT, HERR KAPITAN



THE SUICIDE BATTALION IS
SOON ROARING ALONG THE
LONELY COAST ROAD---



MILES OF POUNDING TIRES ON
BUMPY ROADS--THEN THEY LOOK
DOWN ON CALAIS--INVASION PORT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
BACK TO ENGLAND--
THROUGH CALAIS--PUT
YOUR HELMETS IN YOUR
SADDLE-BAGS, MEN--AND
PUT ON YOUR JACKETS--

WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH
THAT TOWN PLENTY FAST--
OR OUR ONLY ADVANTAGE IS TO
SURPRISE 'EM--LET'S GO!!



CALAIS!

ONE WRONG MOVE, YOU NEEDN'T
GENERAL--AND I'LL SHOOT YOU--
BUT THAT FRENCH TRAITOR
BEHIND US IS THE NERVOUS
KIND--



THEY ROAR THROUGH CALAIS!!



ACH DU LIEBER!!



THESE CENERALS GET ME
SICK--!! GO AS QUICK AS DEY
WANT--SPLASH AS MUCH MUD
AS DEY WANT!



OUR LUCK IS STILL
HOLDING OUT--
THERE'S THE WATER--
FRONT



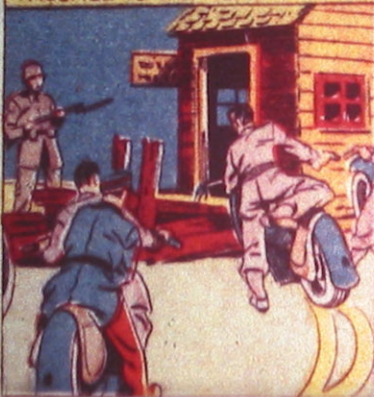
YA--
BUT YOU
HAVEN'T
ESCAPED
YET!!

QUITE A FEW
SOLDIERS AND
BARGES ALONG
THIS WATER--
FRONT, GENERAL

YA, MEIN HERR
THEY ARE
BOUND FOR
LONDON



SUDDENLY, THEIR RIDE COMES TO A HALT--A BARRICADE BARS PASSAGE TO THE PIERS--



ANYONE PASSING HERE MUST IDENTIFY THEMSELVES--G.H.Q. ORDERS



THEY ARE BRITISH! NO YOU DON'T! SAVE ME!! C'MON, SWIFT-- WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!!



LEAPING OFF THEIR MOTORCYCLES, THE MEN RUN TOWARD THE PIER WHERE GERMAN MOTOR LAUNCHES ANCHOR--

THIS WAY, MEN-- QUICK! THE GERMANS WILL BE ALONG ANY SECOND



HALT, DOGS! YE FIRE!!

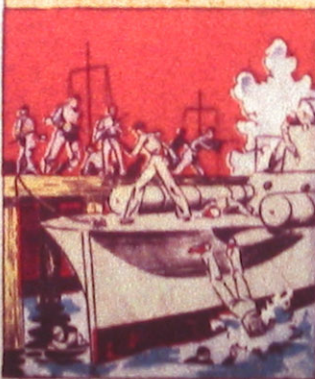


--AND ONE MAN IS HIT--!!

THEY HIT THEIR OWN GENERAL--!! TURN YOUR TOMMY GUNS LOOSE ON THOSE TORPEDO BOAT CREWS, MEN!



A FEW GERMANS PUT UP A FIGHT, BUT ARE SHOT DOWN--THE REMAINING ONES LEAP OVERBOARD--!!



BLIMEY, HOW DO THEY START THESE BOATS--? AH! THERE IT IS--WE'RE OFF--!!



GERMAN MOTORBOATS, BRITISH
BOATS--AND A STRANGE FLEET
MOVES AWAY FROM OCCUPIED
FRANCE--WHILE SHOTS SCREAM
AHEAD--!!

SUDDENLY, A SQUADRON OF
GERMAN STUKAS PLUNGE DOWN
FROM THE SKIES--GUNS
HAMMERING--!!

JUST AS SUDDENLY, A GROUP
OF SPITFIRES DART TOWARD
THE STUKAS!!

THANK HEAVENS!
SPITFIRES TO THE
RESCUE--THOSE
STUKAS WOULD'VE
CUT US TO PIECES

ALTHOUGH THEY TRY DESPERATELY TO
FIGHT ABOVE THE SPITFIRES, THE STUKAS
ARE BLASTED DOWN--THE BRITISH SHIPS
HAVING THE ADVANTAGE OF ALTITUDE--

AS THE GERMAN MOTOR
LAUNCHES LAND ON BRITISH
SOIL--

HANDS UP OR
WE SHOOT !!

HOLD ON, THIS IS
CAPTAIN SWIFT
--INTELLIGENCE
CORPS--WHERE'S
A PHONE--?

RUSHED TO THE NEAR-
EST PHONE, SWIFT
CALLS BRITISH G.H.Q.

--THERE ARE TROOP
CONCENTRATIONS,
BARGES, EVERYTHING!
ALL SET FOR AN INVAS-
ION! THEY MUST BE
DESTROYED
IMMEDIATELY--!!

MINUTES LATER, BOMBERS RISE
FROM AIRPORTS THROUGHOUT
ENGLAND--CARGOES OF DESTRUCTION
BOUND FOR FRENCH
INVASION PORTS--!!

THEY SWEEP IN FROM THE
CHANNEL--

BLASTING--SMASHING--
DESTROYING

THE BRITISH BOMBERS WING HOMEWARD, LEAVING A ROARING INFERNO OF TWISTED WRECKAGE IN THEIR WAKE... A NAZI INVASION ATTEMPT HAS BEEN THWARTED...



THE NAMES USED IN THIS STORY ARE, FOR MILITARY REASONS, FICTITIOUS... BUT THE REMARKABLE BRAVERY OF THIS HANDFUL OF BRITISH SOLDIERS IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE... PERHAPS AFTER THE WAR IS OVER THE REAL NAME OF THE CAPTAIN SWIFT IN THIS STORY WILL BE REVEALED TO THE WORLD... EACH MONTH HEREAFTER, MILITARY COMICS WILL PUBLISH A NEW SECRET OF "SECRET WAR NEWS" AN INSIDE ACCOUNT OF A HEADLINE YOU MAY EXPLOIT OF THIS WAR... AN INSIDE CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION SECURED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE READERS OF MILITARY COMICS BY A REAL CORRESPONDENT...

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THE AMAZING TRUE STORY OF HOW SCHOOL CHILDREN DEFEATED HITLER... SOUNDS AMAZING BUT **ITS TRUE!!**

HERO STAMPS

START A SCRAPBOOK OF THESE SWELL R.A.F. HERO STAMPS!

EACH MONTH, MILITARY COMICS WILL PRINT A NEW STAMP WITH THE PICTURE OF A DIFFERENT R.A.F. FIGHTER ON IT... THIS IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES... MAKE A COLLECTION OF THEM ALL AND TRADE THEM WITH YOUR FRIENDS... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN ONE...

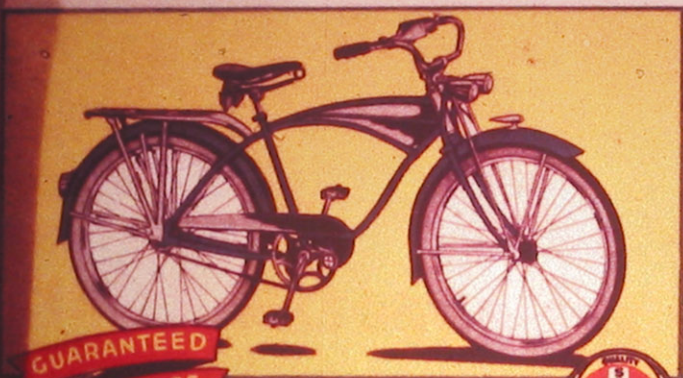
YOU GET ONE **FREE!**
INSIDE EACH
COPY OF

**MILITARY
COMICS...**



FLIGHT
LIEUTENANT
GEOFFREY
ALLARD WHO
CAME UP
FROM THE RANKS, HAD BAGGED 25
NAZIS UP UNTIL HIS DEATH ON APRIL
2, 1941. HE ONCE SHOT DOWN SEVEN
GERMANS IN TWO DAYS AND HAS WON
THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING MEDAL AND
THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS...

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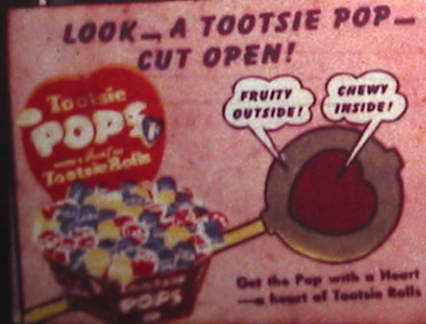
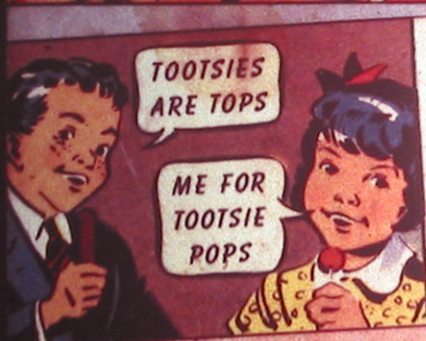
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